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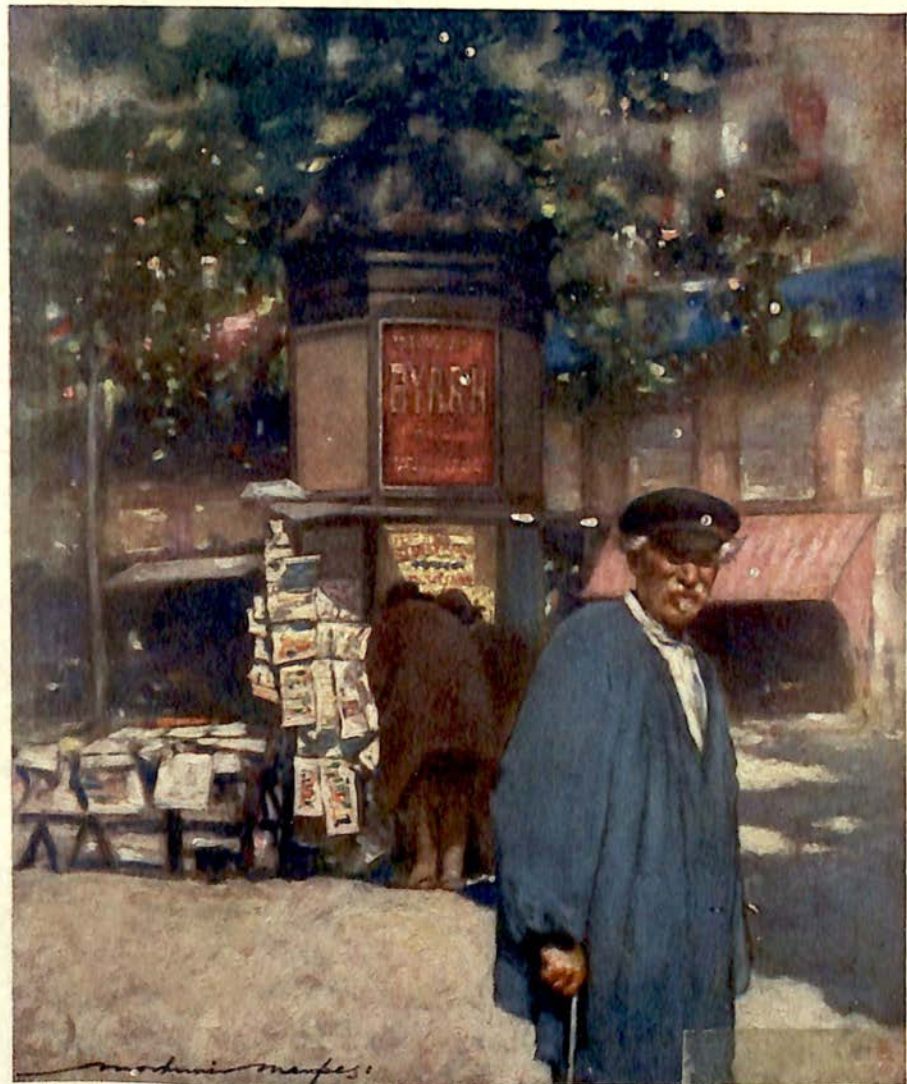
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A KIOSK ON THE BOULEVARD.

PARIS

BY MORTIMER MENPES

TEXT BY
DOROTHY MENPES

WITH
24 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOUR AND LINE
DRAWINGS IN THE TEXT.

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2X-£-3



LONDON
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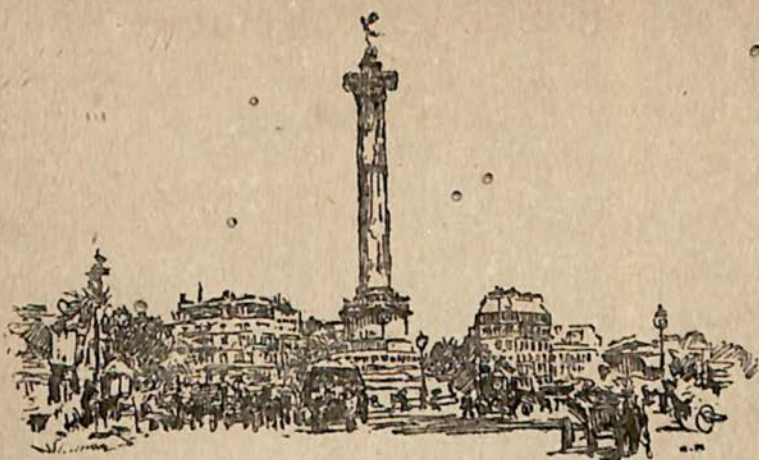


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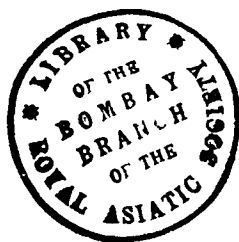
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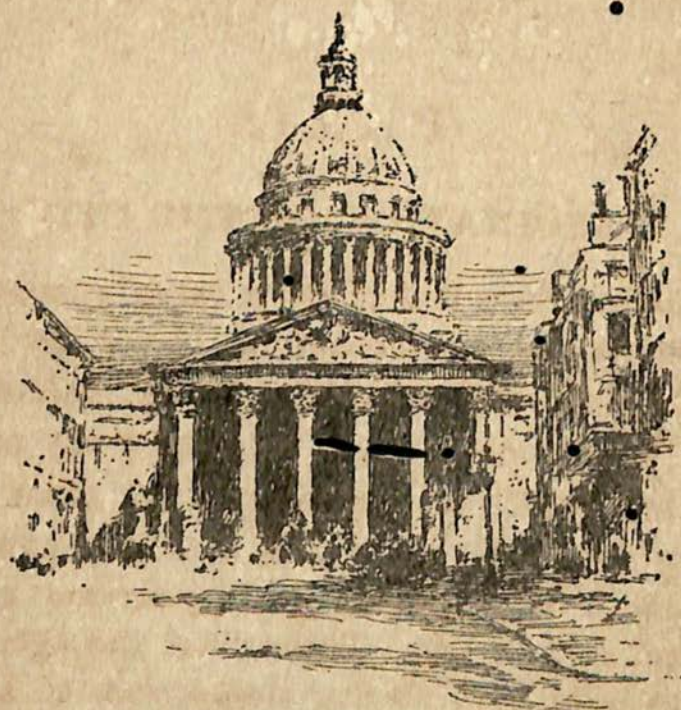
*Also numerous Pen Drawings as Headpieces, Tailpieces,
etc., throughout the text.*



I

FASCINATION OF THE CITY





The Pantheon.



PARIS

FASCINATION OF THE CITY

By what magic is it that Paris takes possession of you, holds you, fascinates? It is not her natural beauties, not the splendour of her palaces and other public institutions, not her many avenues and the breadth and nobility of her other roads. Beauty in itself alone has not the power to fascinate. What, then, the mysterious charm? It is not easy to say. Throughout the ages, great writers have been singing the praises of Paris—*le paradis de l'univers—la ville sans péché*. Each has chosen a special aspect of the theme: Paris at the Present Time, Paris in History, Paris by Day, Paris by Night, Parisian Homes, The Latin Quarter, The Restaurants, The Shops, The Art Life, The Poor of Paris, Parisian Pastimes, Paris of the Faubourgs—all have been sedulously treated.

Perhaps no city has been so much written about ; yet the picture has still to be painted, the poem has still to be written, that will present Paris, as a whole, in her versatile attractiveness. It is as difficult to get at the heart of a great city as it is to describe a wave breaking upon the beach. One loves Paris with an affection which is quite apart from one's feeling towards other cities. One leaves her with sorrow, and returns in joy ; all the world over one word is insistent in the memory—Paris, Paris, Paris ! In Paris beats the heart of France, just as in Athens is the soul of Greece.

The Parisian is a delightful creature ; but he wants approaching. ~~You~~—must know how to soothe and flatter him in order to gain his confidence. You must not mind him thinking that there is no place in the world like Paris. In his opinion Paris is the pivot upon which the whole world revolves, and he will not hesitate to tell you so. He will draw comparisons between his own and other cities ; but you must not mind. He will probably look upon you with compassion, because you had the misfortune not to be born in Paris ; but praise his city, wax enthusiastic over it, and you will be his friend for life. He will take you by the arm and call you *Mon cher*. As his

friendliness increases you will become *Mon vieux*. Be sure to talk to him in French: he dislikes foreign languages. If you meet him thus far you will soon discover what a charming person he is. What will, perhaps impress you most will be his light-heartedness, his appreciation of *la joie de vivre*. He knows how to live amiably, to take pleasure in small things. He loves to play with his children: he finds real pleasure in picnicing with them on the grass; or in such small matters as watching the marionettes, superintending the sailing of a toy boat, and floating a captive balloon. Enjoyment for the Parisians—as much for the mason, the carpenter, ~~and~~ the small shopkeeper, as for the *bourgeois*, the bohemian, and the boulevardier—begins at four o'clock in the afternoon. Then the carpenter lays aside his plane, the tailor his scissors, the artist his brush, and the politician his pen. At that hour one and all prepare for recreation.

Paris is beautiful because the people will have it so. Beauty is to them not a luxury, but a necessity. Perhaps it is this love of beauty and this joyousness that constitute the charm of Paris—everyone there seems to be so frankly happy. Paris is to be enjoyed by all, rich and poor.

There is so much to do, so much to see ; and much of it for nothing. The republican spirit is very strong. The people feel that things should be distributed fairly. They expect the Government to do everything for them, and the Government does do a great deal. There are many pleasures that are free—free fêtes, free “treats” for school children—all provided by the nation, not by private persons as in England. Every year the Parisians have the Horse Show, the Flower Show, the Automobile Show, and what not : the smallest pretext is sufficient for a holiday. Even the melancholy *Jour des Morts* is transformed into a thing of beauty. It is the day when all Paris clothes itself in black, and flocks to buy great bunches of chrysanthemums to be placed on the tombs. At most other times the streets are full of entertainment—with their noise and movement, the shops, the passers-by, the groups sitting beneath the striped awnings outside the cafés, when the trees are in leaf and the sun is shining and it is summer time. Then, indeed, one understands what it is to live. Sitting thus, hour by hour, and watching the people as they pass, one begins to understand the real Paris, the Paris of the Parisians. In England, as in Germany, you

NÔTRE DAME.



must penetrate into the homes to discover the people's nature: the streets are merely thoroughfares through which the inhabitants pass, as rapidly as may be, on business or to and from places of entertainment. In Paris, people go into the streets socially: they sit outside, and drink and talk. On a fine summer evening all of them are abroad on the boulevards. Couples go by arm in arm; friends meet; groups form in the various cafés, talking volubly for hour upon hour over their bock, their absinthe, or their chartreuse. Sipping and talking, sipping and talking, is the order of the day; the air is filled with smoke; in every corner the orange light of a cigar gleams as a glow-worm in the purple night. Every table in every café in Paris is occupied on this fine evening. Inside your particular café a band is playing *Parfait Amour*. Outside, problems are discussed, rumours exchanged, the passers-by are criticised, friends are smiled at, the *bourgeois* and the foreigner ridiculed. Pedlars pass; a negro, gaudily dressed in a turban and long flowing robes, offers nougat; a flower-woman cunningly lays sample roses upon the tables before some charming person and her companion, cleverly retiring to a distant corner, there to wait for the slightest movement

from either, that she may glide out and demand payment; you behold the olive merchant, a man who is generally supposed to be a count in disguise, a most dignified person popular with the Parisians; likewise the nut-man, insignificant, whose trade is not prosperous. Now and then one sees a group of bohemians; but for the most part these keep to their cafés at Montmartre, where the electric light burns until very late.

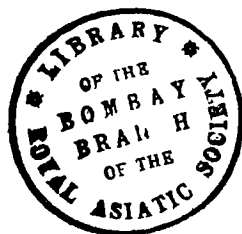
All over Paris there are great green spaces given up to trees and flowers; unlike our squares in London, which are reserved for the occupants of the adjoining houses, they are open to every one. A high joy is it for the Parisian to take his children in the late afternoon to the gardens of the Luxembourg—to walk beside the banks of marguerites, of hollyhocks, and dahlias; to watch the pigeons strutting on the green lawns or perching on the statues;—and mirthful for Marie and Jean and le petit Pierre to stride the wooden horses underneath the chestnut trees, to dig in the sand, to play at ball, to chase the butterflies. It is a beautiful place—this Luxembourg. The children come every afternoon—with their mothers and nurses, and sometimes their grandmothers and grandfathers. The *nourrices*, in crimson cloaks and

streamers, take the babies out of the cradles, smooth them, turn back the veils, lay them on their laps, and read the newspapers across them. Here are children of all ranks in life—some elaborately dressed, others in rags; some armed with pails, others with dolls or balls or skipping ropes. All are equally happy. It is delightful to watch these children. How solemnly they make their sand pies! how untiringly in the heat of the summer afternoon!—little things almost too young to walk, frowning gravely as they stagger along with their toy buckets. Picnics on the grass are constantly going on—parties sometimes composed of two children, a few dolls, a dog or two, and all kinds of heterogeneous woolly lambs and painted horses. There are games of hide-and-seek—children in red-checked and blue-checked pinafores dodging one another round the trees. What shrieks of delight one hears as someone is caught or someone escapes! Also there is a great joy in the Luxembourg gardens—the wooden horses, the camels, the lions, the reindeers, and the giraffes! The paint and the tinsel have long ago been washed from off them; nevertheless, they are exceedingly beautiful in the children's eyes. The entertainment is directed by a man and a woman. The

man beats a drum; the woman encourages the children to approach, beckoning to persuade; the mothers sit by and mind the dolls and pails and hoops, while the children whirl gaily round on various animals.

II

THE ART OF DRESS





The Bourse.

THE ART OF DRESS



PARIS has always been the source of fashion in dress. Perhaps that is because Parisians are instinctively artistic. The influence of dress is felt and acknowledged by the most learned and the greatest minds. One can trace the influence everywhere, even from the earliest times. Nothing so vividly brings back a period as the description of its people's dress. We find dress taking an active part in literature, painting, statuary, and even in politics and science. The most learned philosopher, the most severe churchman, will not scorn dress as a power, or deem it unworthy of observation. Art and fashion in Paris have been linked together for many centuries. When art was drawn from nature and the Pagan

mythology, dress followed its outlines. It was always transparent, scarcely concealing the lines of the human form. Later, as art grew more Roman, dress became stiffer and more starched in appearance. Then, again, as art began to be voluptuous and subtle, dress became more feminine, more exquisite, more lissom. In the time of the Second Empire, when exaggeration and artificiality in art began, fashion sanctioned that monstrosity, the hoop skirts. At the present time, when art more or less takes inspiration from nature, dress is graceful and charming in the extreme, following to a great extent the lines of the human form. It was Rousseau who first started ~~the~~ craze for things rural and pastoral. When his pictures were produced fashion immediately donned garden hats, fichues, dairymaid and shepherdess styles of dress.

The whimsicalities of fashion are, and always have been, incalculable, and occasionally well-nigh terrifying. For example, at one time, a lady's head was dressed to resemble an English pastoral scene, complete in every detail, with fields and hedges, brooks, grazing sheep, and cattle. Could eccentricity go farther?

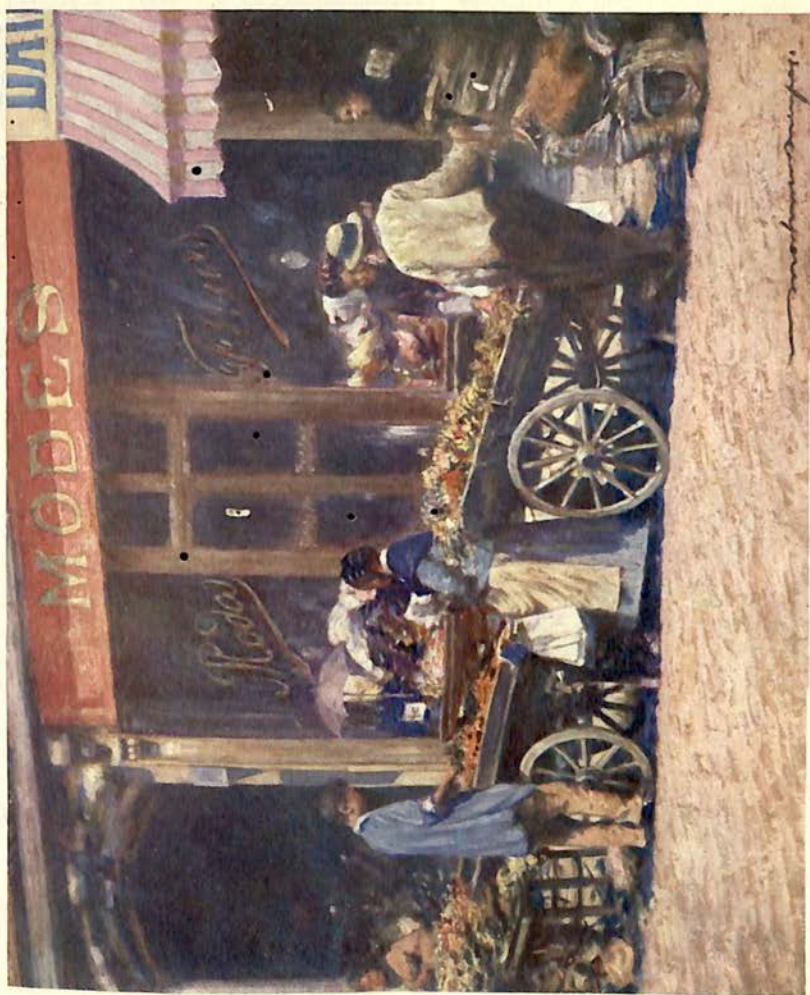
An absurd craze among Parisian women is the dressing, decorating, trimming, and coddling of their

dogs. There are actually tailors who earn their living by making costumes for the pampered beasts. What would our ancestors say if they could be told that a magnificent shop in one of the most fashionable quarters of Paris is the place of business of a dog-tailor, a man who provides complete *trousseaux* for night and day wear, for indoors and out of doors, for ceremonies and country visits, to be worn by dogs? Nowadays it is necessary that a "smart" woman's pet should be almost as well dressed as her coachman or her butler. The animal's wardrobe must contain several collars, variously decorated and of the most up-to-date pattern—for fashions in dog-collars are constantly changing. Now it will be a celluloid collar; then it will be a leather one with a pendant Swiss cow-bell; anon it will be a collar encrusted with turquoise or ornamented with golden filigree. According to the latest mode, he must wear on his right leg a bracelet studded with precious stones. There must be two or three pairs of boots, some buttoned, others laced—indiarubber boots for wet weather, leather ones for ordinary walking purposes. He has night clothes of finest linen or silk, ornamented with lace in summer, and of flannel elaborately embroidered in winter. If he is a griffon or a pug, the brute

invariably carries a handkerchief with him in a little side pocket; whelps of that kind have weak sight and are inclined at times to dissolve in tears. On accompanying his mistress to the seaside the creature disports himself on the sands in a striped bathing-dress and a little indiarubber cap. One summer it was the fashion for a dog in rainy weather to have a red silk umbrella attached to his back. During winter he emerges in a fur-trimmed coat, and when visiting with his mistress he invariably dresses in the same shade as herself. Somewhere in the recesses of his wardrobe is kept his wedding dress, all white satin and orange blossoms—a triumph of the tailor's art. —

It is somewhat gratifying to reflect that a great modern designer of dresses was an Englishman—Worth. If not the greatest, certainly he was the most prominent. Since Worth arose, dress has steadily improved, becoming more and more delicate and harmonious in colour and in form. In the old days there was no personal taste, the sway of fashion being supreme; and often one particular style would remain in vogue for years. Nowadays the individual taste of each woman makes itself apparent in her dress. It has been said that clothing has become of too great

RUE DE LA FAYETTE



Referring to page 10

importance in this modern era. It has become as it were a second skin, like the skin of animals—so much so that the shape of the human form will eventually drop completely into oblivion. The human form, it is said, perfect and beautiful as it was, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, a zoological specimen to be marvelled at. Great is the difference between an antique statue and the muffled man or woman who gazes at it wide-eyed and mouth agape. There are artists who declare that the present state of things is a handicap to their art, that fate is cruel and the present fashion impossible, that if only they had lived in the time of the ancient Greeks they would have created masterpieces. They rail especially against the sad-coloured monotonous clothing of men as compared with the colourful clothing prevalent at the Flemish period of painting. They sigh after the vanished redingote, the toga, ample folds, flowing drapery, the exhibition of muscle and sinew, gold-embroidered waistcoats, flowing plumes, and scarlet cloaks. These artists are wrong, absolutely wrong. The costume of the present day, both of men and of women, is every whit as beautiful as that of any other period. Had Rembrandt lived in the year

1906 he would have found ample scope for effects of light and shade, for rich sombre colours in the man of fashion, with his simply-cut clothes and neutral hues giving value to the strong intelligent head and the resourceful workmanlike hands. One might as well say that it is impossible to paint a masterpiece of the city of Venice to-day because all the gondolas are black. As a matter of fact, Venice, with all its rich and glowing colour, is improved by those little touches of black floating on the emerald water, or lying at the base of palaces rich with multicoloured brick-work. So it is with the man of to-day. Wherever gaily dressed women are gathered together, he forms always a dark note giving effect to the brilliant colour about him.

What could be more beautiful than the dresses of the women of the present generation? Surely no objection can be raised against them? The most ardent admirer of the antique could not but be struck by a group of women at night in a drawing-room—tall, slender, graceful forms, snow-white arms, shoulders pure as marble rising from draperies of laces and satins, adorable flesh tones of violet and carmine crowned by a halo of glorious hair, well combed, well smoothed, well dressed—

coils of shining black, pressing a white forehead like a regal coronet, or, as it were, a massive aureole above a face of purest pinks and whites and eyes of violet blue. Diamonds tremble here and there among their hair; luminous pearls encircle their throats; diamond stars glisten on the dainty corsage, and butterflies of precious stones. As they move across the room, floating chiffon draperies or plastic folds of satin and velvet surround them, forming the most exquisite lines and curves.

O that a painter might arise capable of depicting them! It is said that Velasquez was great, and Titian, and Van Dyck, partly because they had such marvellous subjects; but to think that art has no such opportunities in these days is to share a common illusion.

Mode was born in Paris. It was the French who first established fashion journals. Even before that, when mode was depicted in the shape of dressed-up dolls, it was always the French doll that was sent to England, Germany, Italy, and Spain, to be copied. French people have always been possessed of a certain national taste and a knowledge of the fitness of things. No matter how poor a woman may be, or how

few gowns she may possess, she will choose those gowns well. They will be of the right colour; they will not clash one with another. She may have only an old black dress; but she will wear a touch of red at her throat, and another touch of red in her hat, and she will manage to look well always. This delicate taste, prevalent among the French, is a natural gift. It cannot be taught or acquired.

Hairdressers have always taken a high rank in Parisian mode. In the time of the first Napoleon a whole louis was charged merely for the dressing of a woman's head. At that time there was a great and serious litigation between the hairdressers and the wig-makers; in which the hairdressers triumphed.

Napoleon was a martinet in the matter of mode; but his taste was by no means good. He forced his wife and the ladies of the court to dress in most outrageous fashions; also he forced his generals and courtiers to give their wives extra pin-money, that they might load themselves with jewels, and clothe themselves in the richest of fabrics. Napoleon loved magnificence in any shape or form.

The heads of great dressmaking houses in the

old days were merely business men. To-day they are artists, men with special genius for mode, who conceive and create styles and designs, and see them put into execution. The principal craftsman not only sketches designs, but also, with a living model,—generally a slender girl with a graceful figure and a pretty face, whose waist is not larger than nineteen inches,—he pins, drapes, contrives harmonies, matches colours, and watches the effects of interlinings, veiling one colour with another. The dressmaker has his varnishing day as well as any other artist. • He is always three months ahead of the fashion. In the summer he surrounds himself with winter goods, and in the winter with summer ones. He shuts himself up with his models and one or two women to hand pins—not too many attendants, for he likes his “creations” to astonish even his own employees, and secrets will always leak out, however careful one may be. At length he emerges with his twenty or more models all clothed in gowns of various kinds—a walking gown, a dinner dress, a tea gown, a costume for the *bois*. That is his varnishing day. Then comes the private view, when the models pass backwards and forwards before buyers from foreign lands—English, Spanish, German, Ameri-

can. Later the customers are allowed to feast their eyes. In a cleverly lighted room the dresses do not look quite the same as when they are worn by the purchasers, and gowns are very rarely taken back unless the customers happen to be of much importance. The designer of fashions in a great business house in Paris is perhaps one of the most sought-after men in the great city. Women will all but sell their souls to gain his favour: they will wait upon him, overpower him with flattery and praise, allow themselves to be put to all kinds of indignities: duchesses, princesses, actresses—all are eager for his favour. He is pestered by women who are anxious that they should have a prettier sleeve than Madame M——; also that they may have a gown as a reward for inspiring a designer, by their beautiful face and form, with a new idea. The *essayeuses*—the women who fit the dresses—are treated with the greatest reverence. An *essayeuse* will treat even a good customer with astonishing nonchalance. She will occasionally keep the lady waiting for hours, while she finishes some work which she has on hand or sets off on a shopping expedition. She knows that the dame, being at her mercy, will not reprove her by a single frown.

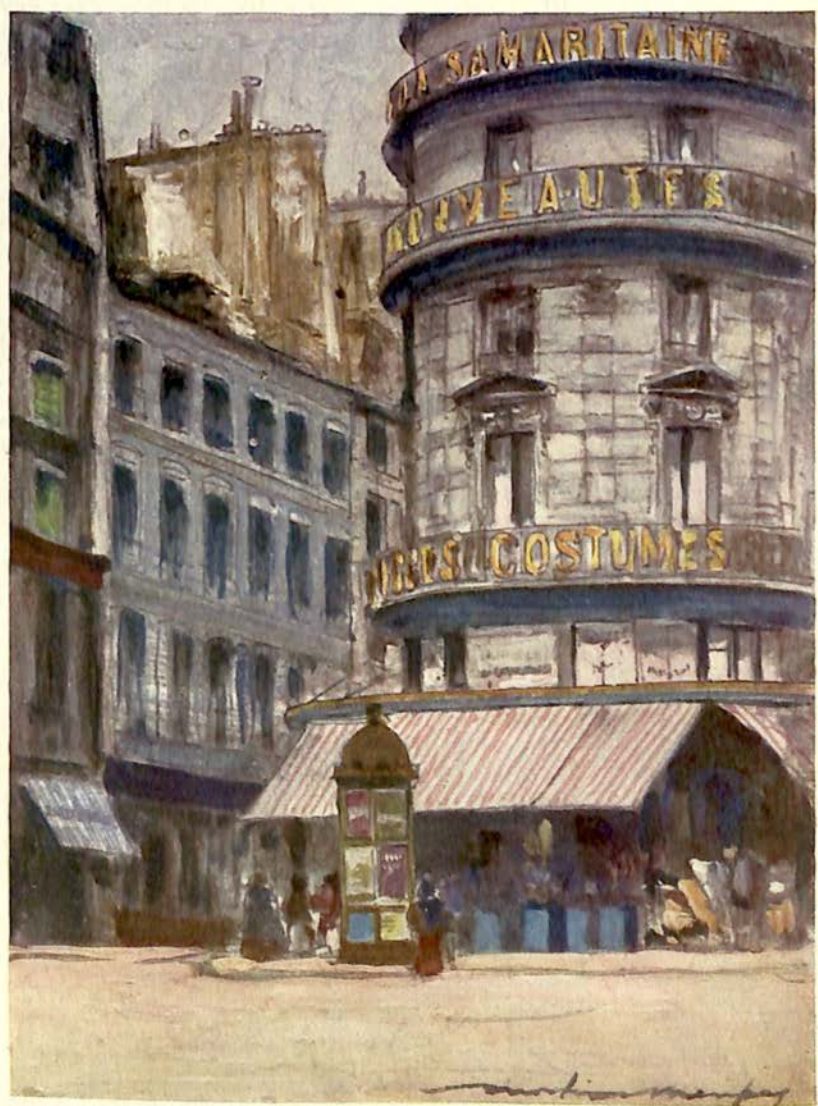
The employees of the big Parisian firms are generally very well treated. Many of them receive high salaries and are provided with board and lodging in the shop itself; they are free to come and go at will. The rest are paid by the hour, and arrive at nine o'clock in the morning. No more than a dozen men are employed as tailors; they are mostly Germans, Austrians, and Italians. The employees are allowed a fortnight's holiday during the vacation, and have all fête days free. On November 25, the fête of Saint Catherine, a dinner followed by a dance is given to all the employees. The idea is that the girl whose age is nearest twenty-five should be adorned with a bonnet. She is then what is called *Coiffée de Sainte Catherine*. That is to say, she is an old maid. There is naturally much disguising of ages, and the woman whom the bonnet eventually crowns is probably nearer fifty than twenty-five. Another custom in great fashion houses falls to be observed on the day after New Year's Day. Then each girl is affectionately embraced by the proprietors and the managers, and by their wives, and is presented with a box of *marrons glacés*.

Actresses are the only people who are treated with any respect in the great fashion houses, and

they alone do not pay for their dresses. They wear the most costly gowns; but they advertise the firm and give new designs a vogue. It is nearly always the woman of an irregular station in life who sets the fashions. These actresses, of course, make a great drain on the profits; yet they are never refused a new dress, no matter how costly it may be. Now and then a whim takes the histrionic lady. She would like her bill to be sent in, and demands it imperiously. It is made up, generally to an astonishing sum. She looks it over, declares the addition to be quite correct, and returns it. She gives endless trouble; yet no one questions or reprimands her. She is the only woman who is "fitted" in her own house. Other ladies, great and small, must go to the shops; and if they are late with their cheques, woe betide them!

These shops, with their dainty costumes, which (one feels) are to be worn by the prettiest women in Parisian society, or women much in the society of the world, are in reality not nearly so important, so useful, so beneficial to industries of France, as the big shops—the Samaritaine, the Louvre, the Bon Marché. The amount of good that such institutions as these do in France is almost

LA SAMARITAINE. •



incredible. They are great levellers; they make luxury possible to the poor; they refine the taste of the humbler classes by selling articles at fixed prices, and charging almost the same retail as wholesale; they stop the foolish system of bargaining. The employees are well treated. They receive a certain commission on the profits, which interests them in their work; they are fed and housed and generally looked after by the institution. Such shops make it possible for a man, through sheer intelligence and industry, to work himself up to the highest rung of the ladder. Then, again, industries all over France are encouraged: all kinds have been brought to light through the influence of the Louvre and Bon Marché. Such institutions are a great joy to the lowly. A poor woman with a few francs to spend may enter the Bon Marché and order anything that takes her fancy, from a sable cloak to a boot-jack, to be sent to her home. She may keep it there for three or even four days, and eventually return it. The trust that is shown towards customers is surely beautiful in these days of wariness and suspicion. Think what a pleasure it must be to a woman who has never before been within arm's length of such treasures to hold in her hands, to

finger, to try on, the finest and daintiest of clothes ! Even though she may know full well that it is impossible for her to buy them, in her opinion it is a joy merely to handle hundreds of francs' worth of goods.

To the Parisian woman the *Magazin de Louvre*, with its brilliant placards announcing *Nouveautés d'Hiver*, *Saison d'Eté*, and bargain days, is much more important than the great palace of the Louvre.

Dress is the outward and visible expression of a woman's taste. By it one can gain a true conception of her individuality, her ideas, her ambitions. Dress to the woman of to-day is everything, or well-nigh everything. In her competent charge it is certainly a very powerful weapon with which to attack the hearts of men. Dress to a woman is what his palette is to an artist, scenery to an actor, rhythm to the poet. Dress to a woman is the crown of beauty, the setting of jewels ; it is her pride. In the days of her youth the conquests that a woman achieves are aided by her dress ; later, her good appearance is preserved almost wholly by her dress ; eventually she is looked at only because of her taste and elegance in dress. Paris is the queen of fashion :

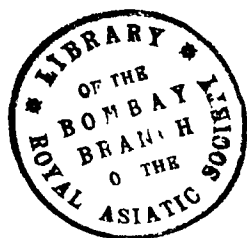
the source of its rules, edicts, and vagaries. The Parisian has perhaps a greater love of artifices than any other woman in the world. She uses *poudre de riz*, black pencil, rouge, and hair dye freely. What is more, men sanction and admire this habit. They may know that the earnest expression of a woman's eyes is caused principally by pencillings; that the carmine of her lips is due to the frequent use of rouge; that the delicate bloom on her face, spiritualising and refining, is from *poudre de riz* pure and simple; he knows that the glorious auburn, or golden, or blue-black tint of her hair is not brought about by nature alone: but men regard all this as an exquisite feminine weakness, admirable. In their opinion feminine beauty reaches perfection only when it is aided by art. Women have always loved artificiality. As far back as the Grecian divinities, and the beauties of ancient Rome, they were proficient in the science of cosmetics, pomades, and opiates.

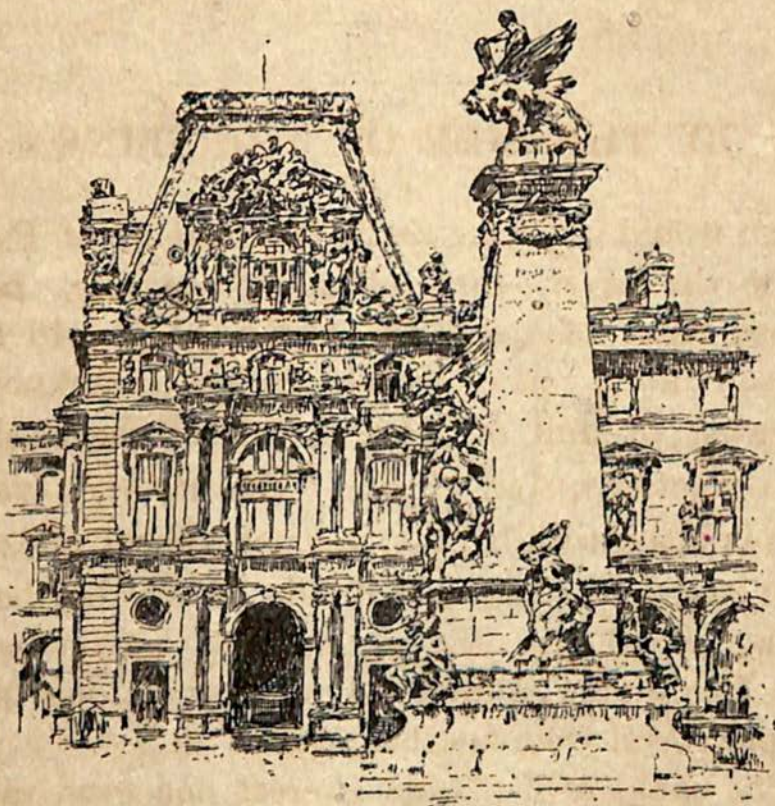
The Parisian woman is very clever in the arts of dress. No matter how little she may have to spend, she always looks well, and manages to convey the impression of having lavished a large sum on her toilet. She knows how to glean

ideas from great dressmaking establishments and milliners; she knows how to carry them out; or else she knows the best small *couturière* and *modiste* to do it for her. Perhaps she will train her servant. She is careful to buy dresses of not too decided a colour: one must need a large wardrobe to possess, for example, a dress of scarlet or of a vivid blue. Many of her clothes the clever Parisian has made for her in convents, —and the clever woman is not rare in Paris. Most Parisian women have wonderful genius for small economies; and generally it is the women who have to practise these economies, to haggle over a yard of ribbon and make their own hats, who in the long run seem to be the prettiest and “smartest.” In short, a young woman in Paris, if she has a slim well-proportioned figure and an innate feeling for dress, can manage on practically nothing a year; whereas some stout middle-aged woman whose means are large can never contrive a presentable appearance.

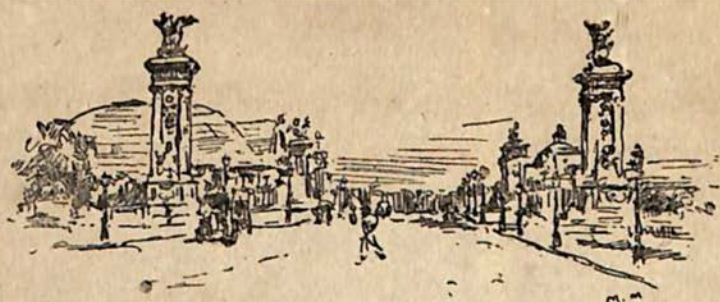
III

BY THE SIDE OF THE SEINE





The Louvre.



BY THE SIDE OF THE SEINE

IF you would see some really old remains of Paris, follow the river—that gleaming, curving, bow-shaped band of steel—the Seine. You will find yourself in a new world, hitherto unknown, undreamt of, full of interest, full of fascination, full of activity, full of life. The river in some parts is black with barges; a great variety of cargo is contained in that huge flotilla of wooden boats gliding so silently and majestically along—wine from Bercy and St Bernard, sand and stone from one port, fruit from another, and so on.

The banks of the Seine interest one even more than the river itself does. By these I have wandered often, observing, studying, gleaning fresh ideas. One never wearies of such rambles: there is always some new interest, some different aspect of river life, to note.

The riverside barber is a character. He takes

up his stand underneath a bridge. He has one razor, one cake of soap, one pair of scissors, and one napkin; these are his entire stock-in-trade; he is prepared to shave or cut the hair of anyone for two sous. “*Entrez, donc! entrez, donc!*” he cries. There is no door by which to enter; there is no room to enter into; one merely passes beneath the bridge. That does not seem to matter. You enter and you sit down, and your hair is cut with all the flourish and *empressement* of the first-class barber. The *tondeur* also, or dog-shaver, is a character in riverside life. He is a skilled labourer, and is looked upon with the greatest respect. He is generally to be found beneath some bridge in what is commonly known as the *boulevard des chiens*. Here he will wash dogs and shave them. A very lucrative business it is. He is employed by women of fashion, who bring their pets personally, that they may soothe them and encourage them with tender caresses and promises of biscuits during the process of shaving. Also, they must be there to see that Bijou’s wool is trimmed here and shaved there after the latest fashion, that the most modish pompom is left on Mimi’s nose, that the most approved moustache bristles on Rip’s muzzle. Very heartily does

Mimi hate the *tondeur* ; she would bite him if she could, and gladly does she dash away when her toilet is completed—anywhere out of sight of the hateful man.

Nothing could be more amusing than the fishermen of the Seine—poor patient fishermen. Just think of it—fifty thousand Parisians fish in the Seine, leaning over parapets, jostling one another for places, exchanging murderous glances if by chance the lines become entangled. On Sunday morning you look along the river bank and note the perfect network of rods and lines, and the long row of men, with backs all bent at the same angle, gazing at the surface of the water. What skill is brought to bear in the choosing and preparing of the bait, in the inventing of some new and more tempting kind of fly, in the throwing of the line ! How silent and serious they are throughout the live-long day ! It would not do to talk—the fish might take alarm ! The fish ? Why think of fish ? Not a trout or a salmon is to be seen in the Seine, the fish in which are the smallest, commonest, most useless little creatures that ever swam. Everyone seems to be aware of this save the fisherman. Boat-loads of people passing beneath laugh and jeer at him ; news-boys make rude remarks ; even the

dogs look upon him with contempt. Still, he stays there day after day, dedicating all his leisure hours to the sport. He may be a *garçon*; he may be an actor, or a gentleman, or a shopkeeper: no matter who he is, he is patient, melancholy, futile. The strange thing is that he himself seems never to perceive the humour or the pathos of his employment. At the end of the day he has always an excuse to offer to his wife and family, some serious reason for his failure. It is a bad season; one cannot expect to succeed when steamboats are continually passing and troubling the water, rendering the fish indifferent to the charms of the new bait; a thunderstorm is brewing; he has many alternative pleas. Does the wife always sympathise, or does she sometimes think it a waste of time?

Just as untiring as the fishers on the *quais* are the book-worms, the aged scholars that frequent the shops by the riverside. They practically live inside those great boxes standing in rows along the *quai*, carrying off every day two or three volumes which, they are convinced, are remarkably rare specimens, priceless and of extraordinary age. As a matter of fact, treasures are sometimes found in these book-boxes by the Seine, rare editions and autograph volumes—but not often. For the most

part they are filled with school books, dictionaries, volumes of sermons, bibles, book of psalms, their pages yellow with age. Still, the bookshops of the Seine are a source of joy to many a weary soul, a ray of sunshine to those whose lives are dark and dreary and sordid. What untold pleasure it must be to those stooping figures that one sees hovering over the bookseller's stock, like great snuff-coloured moths, to be able to turn over book after book, peer into them, and read them page by page, chapter by chapter, unchallenged, unsuspected, undisturbed! There is always the feeling that some day they may come across a treasure, that in the bundle of hay the needle may be found at last, the grain of mustard seed in the bushel of chaff. It is nothing to them that after having found the priceless pearl they have little hope of acquiring it. It is enough to come day after day and gloat over it, and chuckle, and place it in a certain corner of a great box where no one will see it. Sometimes they are able to save, to scrape together sous, and yet more sous, by depriving themselves of this and of that. What matter if one go to bed hungry so that in a few mornings hence one may awake to the fact that that very day the book is to be bought? The bookseller is a kindly man. He is lenient; he

knows the little idiosyncrasies of his customers ; he too is fond of books ; he sympathizes. The old sage, shabbier and thinner than ever, whom he has regarded with an indulgent smile for months, comes to him with his savings. Charging^c him next to nothing, the wily bookseller places the volume in his hands with a lingering regret. "You have a prize there," he says.

The Seine is very fascinating at all times of the day. How interesting in summer time, in the morning when the sun is bright, to sit on one of the seats and watch the people crossing the bridges and passing backwards and forwards before you ! Here the merchant of sponges, golden sponges and brown, sponges at thirty centimes apiece, worries the life out of you and declaims the glory of his sponges in your ear. He is the only street-seller who seems to trouble you by the side of the Seine. Does he imagine that you will use his wares then and there —plunge into the water, and sponge yourself ? It might be possible if he thought you English ; certainly not if you are French. The side of the Seine is evidently a popular place by which to read papers : there are many kiosks. Men lean on the parapets and sit on the benches under the trees, and read, or take the papers with them as they descend

BOOKSTALL ON THE SEINE.



Josephine von ...

the steps to the boats. It seems to be a favourite pastime in the mornings for men and girls and boys to lean over the parapets and watch the life on the river. They are mostly errand boys and girls ; but they seem to live in no dread of their employers, for they stay there hour after hour, their basket or bundle or shiny black box, whatever it may be, balanced on the stonework. A wretched black dog being pushed into the water, or a smooth-limbed yellow-skinned boy swinging himself on a chain, is enough to attract their attention and hold it for hours.

The poorer classes of Parisians love to go out into the country on a summer afternoon on the steamers to Belle Vue or Suresnes, taking their children and their dogs. Only a penny is charged for any journey within the fortified boundaries of the city. You pay your penny, and you are handed a metal disc, which must be given up on disembarking : that is all. For a penny you can get a comfortable seat on the shady side of the deck and allow yourself to be borne down the river to the accompaniment of the throbbing of the engines. It is a dreamy and delightful way of spending a hot summer's afternoon in Paris. Every class of Parisian takes advantage of these cheap steamers. You see

poor and rich sitting side by side. A curé, in his black gown and broad-brimmed beaver hat, with long thick shock of grey hair, finely modelled features, piercing black eyes, glancing intelligently beneath their overhanging brows, will be sitting next a woman of the humbler classes, hatless, thin, meagrely dressed in rusty black, clasping in her arms a little black-and-tan terrier. The curé will talk to her kindly, and ask permission to nurse her dog; the little animal plays with the fringe of his sash; the curé strokes him and smiles. Such a sweet smile! The thick grey eyebrows are raised and lowered; the finely moulded lips turn upwards at the corners; he seems to radiate gentleness and paternal love. On another seat is a stout mamma, fashionably dressed, with her two daughters, equally well robed. The daughters worry one—they get on one's nerves. They are of the same height, the same colouring; their clothes are made in precisely the same way. Each has an ecru-coloured silk dress; they wear similar hats and trinkets and ribbons; the fat bare legs above the light-coloured boots are of the same circumference. Such sameness is depressing.

Every other ten minutes the steamer stops at a jetty to land passengers and to take on board

any new-comers. At one particular jetty an unusual rustling of silk is heard; a babble of gay voices and a rich perfume greet you. Four bohemians have arrived — four of the *jeunesse*. They are all much amused, all laughing. One of the party is a girl young and tall; her face is quite blue, no doubt owing to pink and white powder and her own complexion; her lips are very red; her hair is of a brilliant gold. She has a blue hat with a waving plume, a blue dress, with scarlet petticoats and scarlet boots and stockings—one is aware of their colouring and shape and everything about them during the first two minutes in which you see her. She is called Annette by a lady in ecru silk who is a good deal prettier and has rather fine black eyes. This lady is Madame Picquot. There are two men with them—Ernest and Albert. Ernest is tall and fair, with a moustache; he wears his hair parted down the back and combed towards his ears; he is not bad-looking; he wears white duck trousers and a Panama hat; his get-up is what is called “le boating.” Albert is short and dark; he wears a jaunty sailor hat much too small for him, and a butterfly neck-tie with floating ends. He is the funny one of the party, the wit. He devotes himself to Annette. One arm he throws

round the railing at the back of her ; the blue plume nods just over the top of the sailor hat ; and the light-brown shoes are close to the dainty scarlet boots. Annette's face looks terrible in the sun—it is of such a curious shade of blue. She laughs a good deal, though rather unnaturally, and holds a fan up to her face, for the wind is playing tricks with her hair. There is a great deal of conversation about the Champs Elysée, where Albert saw her the night before ; and the phrase "*la vie est courte*" is mentioned several times. Albert is supremely happy. "*Connais tu le pays,*" he warbles at intervals.

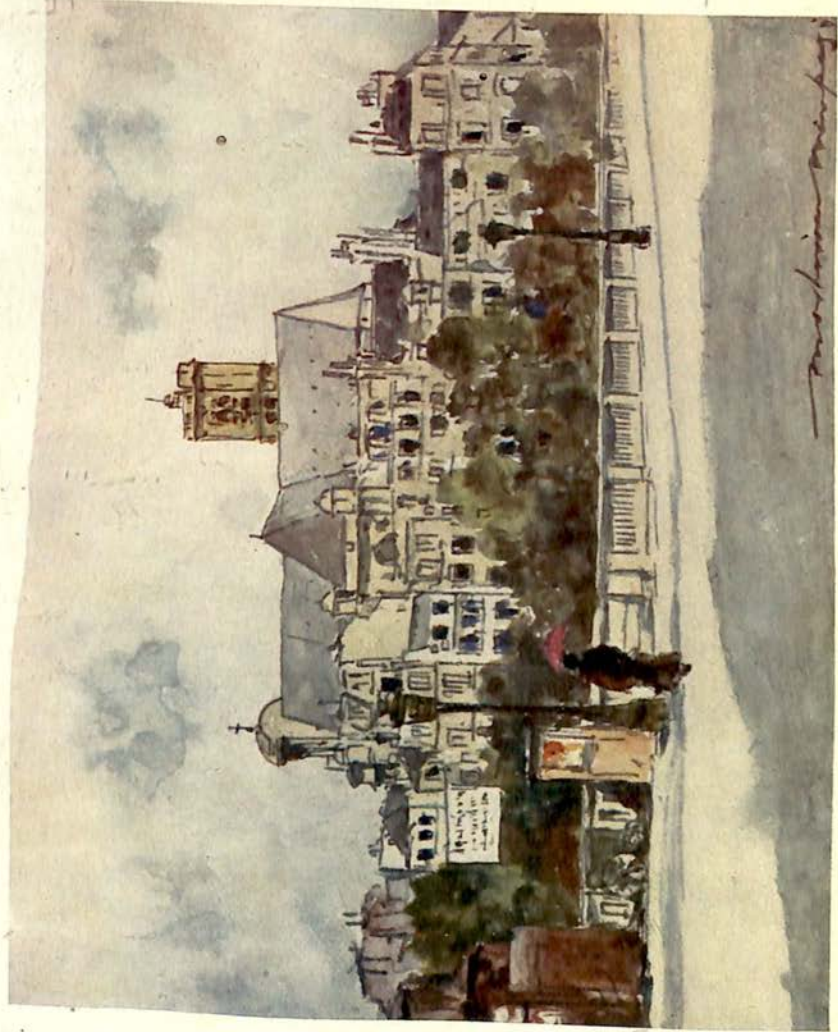
Paris is very rapidly left behind ; the great bridges crossing the Seine are less frequent ; the houses towering high along the banks and swarming thickly give place to avenues of trees, these strange French trees, stripped bare at the base save in parts where the green bunches are cut like the wool on poodle dogs ; rural cafés become more frequent ; you see villas with gardens—each villa, no matter how small, has a pretentious iron gate with stately pillars on either side, on the top of which are stone urns full of flowers. The towns are quaint and pretty, though somewhat tawdry, with a great deal of newly-painted woodwork about

them, gaily coloured flags, and brilliant pots of flowers. They strike one as having been got up just to please the eye, merely for the summer. Occasionally one passes wash-houses—long and low, cased in places, where the women toil all day long, for ever scrubbing and beating and wringing. The linen hanging outside is not remarkable for cleanliness—save when one thinks that it has been washed in cold Seine water. How anything white can emerge from that thick green muddy depth is marvellous. The washerwomen of the Seine are fine-looking creatures, with their black heavy coarse hair, and their bare arms and necks bronzed by the sun. Quite different are the dainty *laveuses* one sees in the country washing by some wayside brook and singing racy little *chansons* as they beat their linen vigorously. Hard labour seems to kill in the washerwoman of the Seine all feminine delicacy and native charm, and the songs which escape from her lips are by no means æsthetic. She exchanges witticisms with the bargees as they pass, and, although the vocabulary is notably versatile, it is generally the woman who comes off best.

The Seine strikes one as being a strangely colourless river, and in its environs strangely

grey. To be sure, there are myriads of tones and gradations of grey, as, for example, in the buildings on the river banks, yellow greys, greeny greys, bluey greys; but the general tone is colourless grey. It is this very greyness, however, that constitutes the greatest charm of the Seine—this cool grey colouring, the limpid olive green of the water, the white banks and the pale-coloured houses;—it is this very greyness that serves to form so splendid a background for the little splashes of that brilliant colouring which occur here and there, like jewels in a silver setting. You will see a window-blind of emerald green; an orange-coloured pot; a low roof-top smothered with scarlet and pink geraniums; a café hung with flags and paper flowers; and every jetty at which the steamers touch is smothered with advertisements in brilliant hues. On each jetty the advertisements are the same; but one looks at them with fresh interest every time, spelling out the gaudy letters anew. There is “Amer Piçon” in white letters on a vermillion ground; the Moulin de la Gallette is represented by a gay lady with vivid yellow hair trying to blow a windmill round; and there is Daniel in the lion’s den scaring the fierce beasts by holding

AU BORD DE LA SEINE.



St. James' Church, London

up a shining top-boot in which they see their own reflections, thereby advertising a polish.

As the steamer journeys on, the scenery becomes more and more beautiful. The banks are thickly clad with forests of dark-green trees. Occasionally, when nearing a hamlet, the ground rises, and the houses—mostly wooden châteaux clustering on the slope of the hill almost to the summit—remind one irresistibly of Heidelberg. The passengers are very gay. Annette is twisting her scarlet boots coquettishly before Albert's admiring eyes; Madame Picquot is flashing her *beaux yeux* round the steamer; the curé is playing with the terrier. There is a constant buzz of talk on the vessel, from stem to stern; even the engineer, hot and oily, has come up from the steaming depths, to flirt with a fresh-looking girl in a blouse and a sailor hat. Only one man is silent. That man is the captain. High above the frivolous rabble, he stands in his iron-girded box, gazing ahead with blue far-seeing eyes. Round his box is written, "*Il est défendu de parler au pilote*"; but even without these words no one would be bold enough, I imagine, to address that responsible-looking man. Only once did he relax in his protracted silence. That was when a

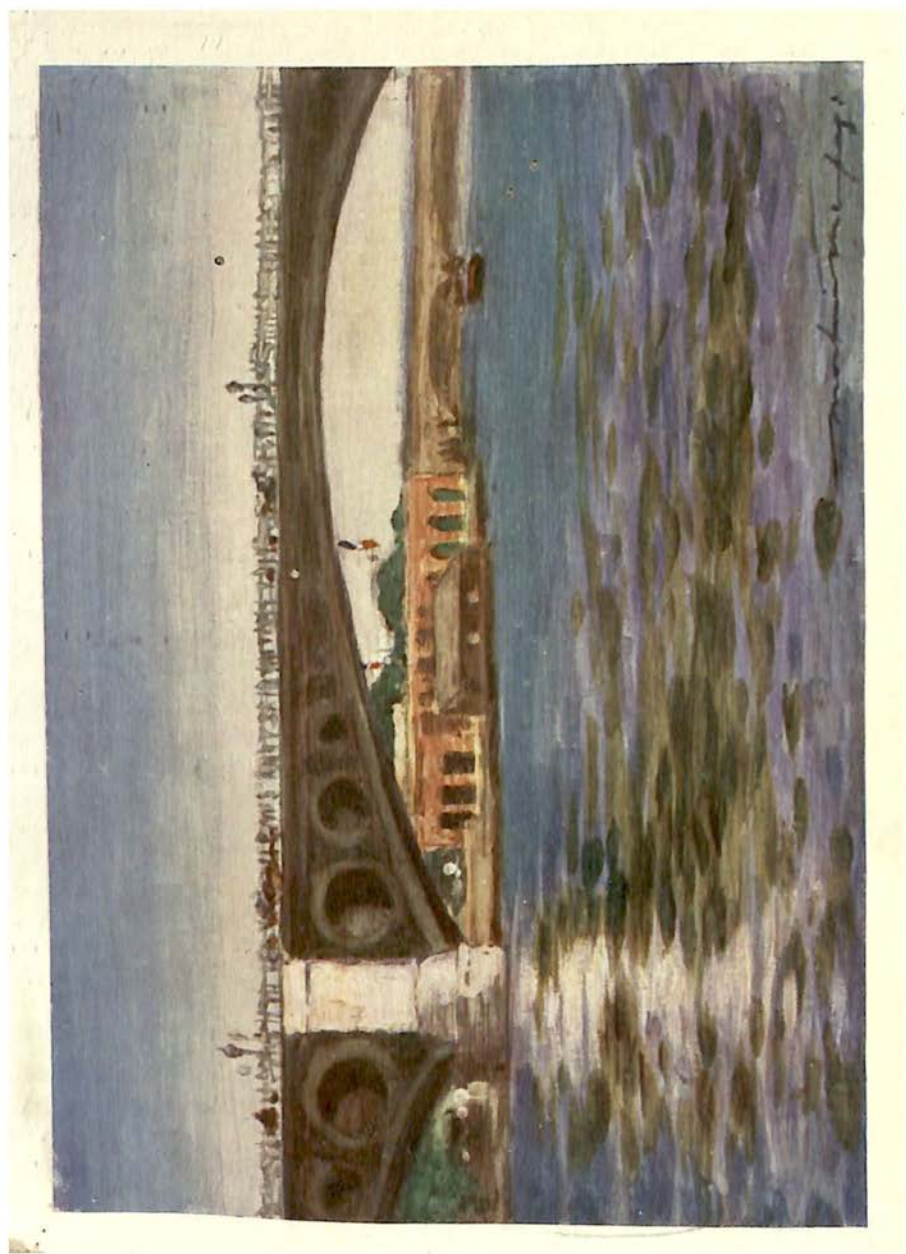
child, fishing with a bent pin, fell into the water, and a man standing near, also fishing, did not move his hands from his pockets to save her. Then the stolid captain left the navigation of his boat to Providence. He leaned over his box, and, his mouth shielded with both hands, bawled brimstone and blue fire at the cowardly wretch for five consecutive minutes. Never did I hear such language. The stream of abuse was sufficient to wither up any ordinary person and wipe him off the face of the earth. I was so much occupied with this strange proceeding on the part of the taciturn captain that I had not time to notice the effect of his tirade on the man on the bank until he was out of sight. Like a flash the captain turned, eyes right, and never budged for the rest of the voyage. How attached French people are to children! The whole boat-load was up in arms at this episode, shaking their fists and denouncing the unhappy man.

The steamer stopped at Belle Vue. Half the people disembarked, the gay *jeunesse* among them, Ernest still singing "*Connais tu le pays.*" We all ascended the funicular railway. Standing outside the car and leaning over the railing, up we went, higher and higher. Ere long the whole of Paris

was spread before us like a city modelled in silver, and the car still rattled upwards into the country. Soon the panoramic view beneath was hidden by a mass of green foliage. The car stopped. We stepped out to the brilliant white road, into the blazing sun. The *jeunesse* were in front of us. To our surprise, they went to the same tea-shop as we; or, rather, to the same garden, for it is the custom in Belle Vue to have tea in the garden on long tables under the trees—a meal of wild strawberries and cream, crispy madeleines, and tea which, like all that of French extraction, does not upset your nerves by reason of its strength. The *jeunesse* were determined to enjoy themselves at any price. They laughed and talked, and Ernest explained what a brilliant idea of his was this tea-garden. Their table was laid first in the sun, and then in the shade: they could not make up their minds which was the more enjoyable. At last the shade was decided on—possibly because of Annette's blue face. First of all, however, before they could have tea, there was business to be done. Their photographs must be taken. Albert was very busy. He brought forth a tape and measured out the distance between the photographer and his sitters. Every time he

measured, the distance varied. Ernest expostulated. He was waiting to take the photograph; the ladies were being killed in the sun; the light was fading; the measuring must be dispensed with. Albert, jealous of Ernest and anxious to shine, was like a child: he flung the measure down on the grass in a fit of rage. "This is evidently Ernest's party," he declared. He would never come again; he would never help them to take photographs. They all surrounded him; they caressed him, consoled him, straightened his hat, and picked fluff off his coat; they assured him that he was the greatest help; he could measure all the afternoon if he wished; the party would be dull, spiritless, but for him. Albert was consoled. He sat on a table, swung his legs, and watched the proceedings. Annette and Madame Picquot were placed side by side out in the sun. "Lift those beautiful black eyes," Ernest begged of Madame Picquot. There was too much of Annette's scarlet boot showing. This Albert undertook to arrange. He draped her skirt round the boot; he covered it and uncovered it, and would continue doing so until further notice—until Ernest should expostulate. At last, having completely spoiled the naturalness of pose, after having produced a forced smile at

PONT DE LA CONCORDE.



St. Vincent

awkward attitude, the company had their photograph taken. Then Albert must sit. He acted like a clown for the amusement of the ladies and to the exasperation of Ernest; he canted his hat at an absurd angle; he frowned fiercely, and then smiled from ear to ear. He was ready, he declared, to accommodate Ernest in any way: he could look gay, miserable, desolate: he would be taken with or without a hat, profile or full-face—all to order. Tea arrived. The party flocked to their table beneath the trees. For a time there was silence, while the strawberries and the madeleines were being consumed. Then the party emerged—in pairs, arm in arm. Madame Picquot was evidently a matchmaker. She threw Annette and Ernest together, and left them to their own devices. Whether it was a *mariage de convénance* or a love match she was arranging, it is difficult to say. Certainly Ernest chose a very public place in which to declare his passion. They sat on the table together in the sun before everyone. Annette wriggled, and twisted her red boots, and looked more absurd than ever. Ernest, quite handsome, was whispering something in her ear. Madame Picquot and Albert were peeping from behind a tree. We thought it time to depart—the tea-

garden was evidently no place for us—and we made a hurried exit.

Up a long, wide, glorious avenue we walked past stately villas, the gardens ablaze with flowers; up to the terrace at the very top, where one sinks on a bench and gazes away down over Paris, and thinks how appropriately this place is named Belle Vue. Going home in the twilight is just as delightful—in the swiftly gliding steamer on water that has changed from green to grey, past houses whose lights are slowly appearing one by one as the darkness deepens. Children tired out with the heat of the long day are asleep on their mothers' laps; old ladies are clasping in their hands sprays of fern and sprigs of laurel, to take to their wretched homes as a souvenir of the beloved Campagne. All is silent except for some Americans in the stern whose tongues are wagging briskly.

Sevres is well worth a visit—if only to go to the museum. Do not stroll through the various galleries—that is not especially interesting, unless you are a connoisseur of china;—but allow yourself to be taken by the head man, the man who really makes the pottery, and be shown how the vases and various vessels are formed—that is fascinating

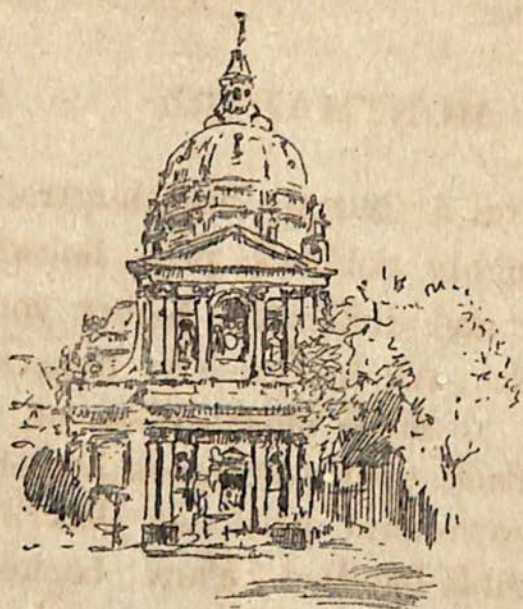
beyond words! You are taken into a cool stone room, a room which, even on this hot July afternoon, is chilly. The potter^s is a fat man in a holland blouse with a jolly face. He is delighted with himself; it is a favourite occupation to take visitors round the museum and show them his craft at pottery. He is indeed a skilful worker. He sits behind a desk like a schoolmaster's, and arranges the people round about him, the children kneeling close on chairs. Then with his supple white hands he takes a lump of clay, and moves it round on a sort of lathe which he works with his feet. To the amazement of the onlookers, he transforms it as with fairy fingers into whatever his fancy dictates—vases, Etruscan, Indian, Japanese—bowls, cups, plates—all perfectly symmetrical. He hands you a cup: it crumbles to dust in your fingers: it has not been made of the right composition.

Suresnes is also worth visiting. This in the summer time is a very gay place indeed. It seems to have no other object than to lay itself out for the amusement of visitors. Every house has been turned into a café or an eating place of some description; and the people there have apparently nothing to do, for the whole of them seem to be

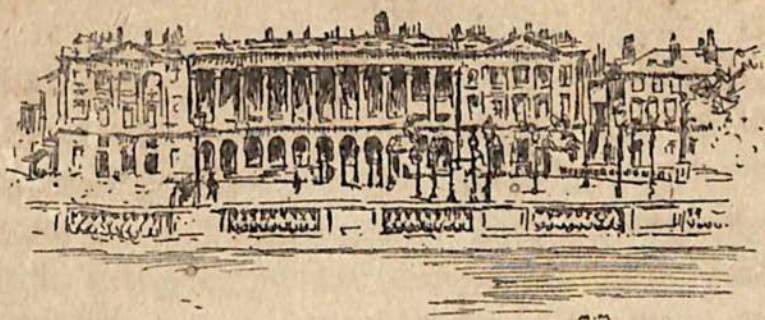
sitting outside the cafés, drinking and smoking and listening to the band, or the piano, or whatever it may be, playing within—every café has its music. In Suresnes the motor horn is heard continually : cars dash by at lightning speed, sometimes two or three abreast. The other side of the bridge, in the Bois de Boulogne, is more attractive. Hither the poorer people come with their *déjeuners*. They sit on the grass, which, by the way, is of a real emerald green. I have never seen grass of a more vivid green than that which grows in the Bois by Suresnes.

IV

MONTMARTRE



The Church of The Sorbonne.

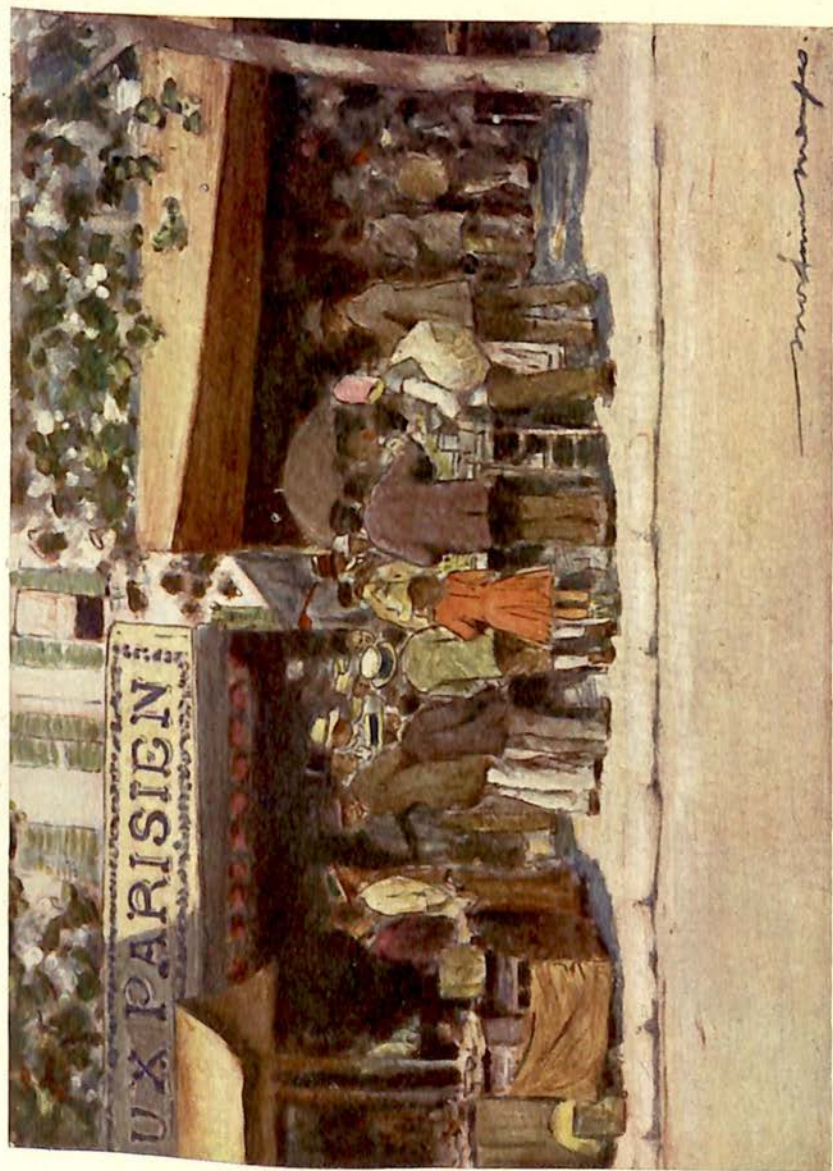


MONTMARTRE

ONE journeys on a 'bus to Montmartre, through streets all roughly cobbled, past houses which become dirtier and dirtier the higher you mount. It is ten o'clock. All Montmartre housewives are out shopping. A more slovenly set of women I never saw. Each evidently robes herself in any old dressing-gown and petticoat that lie about; all carry double-handled black baskets, from which emerge onions and carrots mingled with meat and odds and ends. The farther you go the steeper the streets become, until you begin to wonder if the summit will ever be reached. At length the 'bus puts us down, and we climb steep flights of stone steps, and go on again up cobbled roadways, houses rising steeply on either side—ramshackle houses, each window containing its string of drying linen and stockings, or a woman beating her bed-clothes. Suddenly one comes upon

the church of the "Sacré Cœur"—cool, calm, majestic, with rounded white domes. It is partly covered by scaffolding; men are building there, and the clang of hammer on steel and stone is heard. As one enters the church, the grand notes of the organ greet one's ears, and there is a heavy odour of incense mingled with that of lilies. The church is dim and dark and rich in colour; lofty. It is filled with people, most of them kneeling, but some wandering irreverently about the church. Everywhere is the gleam and glitter of candles and of brass and gold. The central altar is a shining mass of golden points of light. All one can see of the priest officiating is a huge green cross on a white ground at his back. By the side of him kneels a boy in scarlet, who crosses himself, and at intervals murmurs prayers. Suddenly the music stops; most of the candles are put out; only the priest stays behind. The great doors of the church are opened by two sisters with large white-winged caps; the light of day is let in, the brilliant yellow sunshine; beyond the steps one catches a glimpse of grey, distant, panoramic Paris. Then through the opened doorway, out of the sunshine, into the rich gloom, comes a procession of young girls veiled and dressed in white and boys in red cassocks. A

CURIOSITY.



seigneurie

golden cross is borne aloft among them ; ribbons are attached to it, and these are held by the girls. The small *cortège* is led by a man who looks like a soldier and wears a cocked hat ; it marches down the aisle and disappears through a doorway. I imagine that these young people must have come up to Montmartre for their first communion. More candles are lighted ; more people enter, kneeling as they reach the middle of the church, and crossing themselves. Little boys, on bare bended knees, murmur a prayer. Ere long, as books are brought out and the service begins, we feel we are not wanted, and pass into the open air.

The narrow cobbled streets are filled with schoolgirls, brown and plain of face, their hair dragged back, straw hats on, eager and enthusiastic as they cluster round the stalls where religious ornaments are sold—coloured cards of the Virgin, various bead chaplets, little shrines, and silver images. We are in search of the Moulin de la Galette, of which we have heard much ; and, unable to see it by night, we desire to see it in daytime. In this religious atmosphere we dare not ask bluntly the way to our destination. All we can do is to inquire vaguely if there are any “moulins” about ; and after many diverse directions, many

twistings and turnings (for the streets are narrow and tortuous), we see before us an old blackened windmill. It is the Moulin de la Galette. Beneath it there is a green wooden archway with "Point de Vue" written on it. Through this we pass into a *salon*—with a polished floor, gaily decorated, and glistening with chandeliers; where all the lively scenes that one has read of in books on student life are to be expected. The *salon* leads into a garden, small but admirably planned; there are lovers' walks cunningly lit by electric light or as cunningly shaded, summer houses, and sheltered nooks.

V

THE WORKERS



Porte St Denis.

THE WORKERS



IN one's interest in pleasure-loving Paris, one is apt to forget that other world which lies beyond, the grey-hued serious world of work. In admiration for her shops and streets and

boulevards, you forget what a great manufacturing city Paris really is. We look upon the French as an eminently gay people. They are; yet they have another side, which is almost as attractive. It is exceedingly interesting to follow the busy workers in their daily round, more especially the women—the seamstresses, the florists, the washerwomen, the cigarette-makers, the shop girls. They are an interesting class with sometimes quite noble traits, generous to a fault, always ready to stretch

out a helping hand to companions in adversity, or to share their last crust with one more unfortunate than themselves. Among such women as these, who must needs fight for their daily bread, one rarely finds coquetry or vanity. Life for them is too serious by far. The women of the manufacturing class are a short-lived race. Fifty years is generally their limit. Badly nourished, badly paid, and harshly treated by their employers, they take to drink. Through bending continually over their work, and carrying heavy weights, they become deformed; their physique, never very robust, soon gives way. Between one and two o'clock in the parks and open spaces of Paris you may see the wretched women filing in, two by two, for their mid-day meal, hatless, their shoes in holes, scarves round their necks, and their scanty dresses torn;—silently they sit there, drinking their bowls of soup. I have often heard people talk with disgust of the slipshod workwomen in the streets of Paris who shout out coarse remarks; but casual observers little know the despair raging in the hearts of these women—how short their lives are, given up with so little regret. What a pitiable lot is theirs! To go with their husbands and babies to some dingy

patch of grass, called by courtesy a green, is their greatest pleasure. There, they will make believe that they are in the country; the father will smoke and the mother will play with her baby; the dry crusts of bread on which they regale themselves are transformed in their imaginations into delicacies. The highest class among the workwomen are the milliners, who are treated as persons of distinction and of grace. In fact, they are not workwomen exactly: they are artists. There is no grinding labour or trial of patience connected with their employment. Simply they create masterpieces—"symphonies" in chiffon, "poems" in ribbons and flowers. They cannot be spoken of along with mere dressmakers and mantlemakers. A thing of beauty such as a hat or a toque, which appears to have been constructed by fairy fingers, so delicately and lightly is it put together, cannot be compared with a mere bodice or a blouse or a coat. One is the exquisite product of imagination, of good taste, of inspiration; the other is merely the patient carrying out of a set scheme. It is said that, although there are dressmakers everywhere, it is only in Paris that there are milliners; and I am inclined to believe it. Milliners are, as a rule, young and pretty,

light-fingered, and delicate. If they are at all clever they retire early in life with a neat little fortune.

The most miserable of the needlewomen are those who are hired out by the day. They are generally widows or orphans with no domestic ties. Each day for them is but a repetition of the last. Nine o'clock in the morning sees them, pale-faced and red-eyed, bending over some work, everlastingly patching and mending, never smiling, rarely talking, always patient, ready to unpick their work at the word of their employer, whom they know exactly how to treat. From two francs to two francs fifty a day is their wage. In pretence of following the fashions, dressmakers and needlewomen of all kinds are attired with a certain elegance. Though their boots may be in holes, their dress is generally well cut. In their workrooms they are very gay, laughing and singing, and telling stories, sometimes not in the best taste. There are certain little songs called *chansons d'atelier* which are in great vogue. Occasionally the girls in the workrooms are not allowed to talk, and the noise which ensues when their employer leaves the room for a moment is extraordinary. These girls are very gay. They are generally to

AN ORANGE VENDOR.



be seen at balls and fêtes and fairs at the Moulin de la Galette at Montmartre ; and on Sunday they go into the country with their best young men. In the dinner hour you see them in couples, and four abreast, arm in arm, taking up all the space on the pavement, laughing and joking with the passers-by.

It is interesting to watch the different types of workwomen in the streets of Paris, and take note of their habits and small peculiarities. The bread-carrier and the milk-carrier are almost the first to appear in the morning ; these are the people whom dissipated Parisians meet on their doorsteps in the small hours. The bread-carrier is a cleanly little person ; her apron is spotless, and her age unknown. She has been the theme of stories, and even of dramas. It takes some intelligence to be a bread-carrier, and some courage. She must be up long before six, winter and summer alike ; she must know to a nicety the tastes of her various employers—who it is that prefers *du pain boulot, des flutes sans mil, croissons*. It is quite extraordinary what a variety of breads there are, and in what various shapes—long rolls, round rolls, horse shoes, galettes—every kind. Endless are the stairs which this poor little

woman must mount in a day's round. At mid-day her work is done, and she can return to her husband and children: she seems always to be married—this bread-carrier.

Then, there are the washerwomen—a handsome class, but with minds hardly as white and clean as their work. There is an amusing verse about the washerwomen:—

La Blanchiseuse
Est bonne travailleuse ;
Dès le matin,
Le fer en main,
Elle repasse
Et dit d'un air malin
Du galant qui l'agace :
Tu repasse, passe, passe,
Tu repasseras demain.

The women that are called *les repasseuses blanchiseuses*—that is to say, those who do the ironing—must be apprenticed for two years before they can earn two francs a day.

There are so many different kinds of work-women that it is almost impossible to mention them all. There are the flower-makers, the pearl-makers, passementerie-makers, and the *trottins*—the girls that carry the completed work from the

dressmakers to its destination. These are from fourteen to seventeen; generally plain, angular, awkward; never in a hurry, stopping at every shop where the wares are at all enticing, pressing their noses against the windows of jewellers and drapers; always munching sweets and green apples. They are scolded continually; yet they never seem to hurry, and the careless way in which they balance the cardboard boxes and brown paper parcels—containing, no doubt, exquisite silk and lace—is rather alarming.

The number of shopkeepers and stall-holders is enormous. The Parisian shopkeeper makes you buy things against your will. There is about her a seductive gentleness that makes it a pleasure to enter her shop. For example, the *charcutière* is a charming person, honest, peaceful, very clean and fresh. It gives one an appetite to see her in her neat black dress, snowy apron and sleeves, daintily cutting thin slices of ham and throwing them into the highly polished scales. She is a graceful figure against the background of imitation white marble in the shop, the pendant sausages (pink, black, brown, thin, fat), the plump chickens, the squares of pressed beef, the rounds of brawn, all placed upon shelves of glass.

The woman at the bakery—more comprehensively, the *boulangère*—is generally a cheerful, motherly person, full of responsibility and aware of her own importance. She serves you with an air of doing you a favour. A bakery in Paris being a profitable business, she is able to retire quite early in life.

The sweet-shop woman—*confiseuse*—is a very smart person: to put it in the inimitable French fashion, she is *une belle madame*. Even as the milliner is a princess among workwomen, the *confiseuse* is of high rank among shopkeepers. Her gown is of rustling silk; her fingers are loaded with jewels; her hair is dressed elaborately. If she is young and pretty, she is cold and distant to her clients generally. True, there are men of fascinating appearance to whom she unbends and is frivolous; but her reputation is above reproach. Even her *concièrge*, the greatest scandalmonger in Paris, speaks of her with respect. In my own opinion, however, the *confiseuse* is the least attractive of the Parisian shopkeepers. All the sweet things in her establishment do not make up for the severity of her nature and her bearing. At about fifty she shuts up her shop and retires to the country with her husband.

Most attractive of all shopkeepers is the seller of cheese and butter. It is a pleasure to watch her in her white apron and full white sleeves. She is always gay, always bright; now cutting a square of golden butter and wrapping it in a fresh green cabbage-leaf; now offering a morsel of cheese on the end of her flat long knife for someone to taste; now measuring milk, daintily, delicately,—the little finger raised. She wears gold earrings, and her hair is invariably dressed with care; indeed, this dairymaid is an idyll, reminding one, in these dusty streets of Paris, of a green field bordered by a rippling stream.

Humble, but not less interesting than these shopkeepers are the women with barrows and baskets who sell their wares in the streets. There is the seller of newspapers. She owns a *kiosk* in the city, and is queen of the particular quarter in which it happens to be. Generally old, if not in years, in appearance, she sees a good deal of life from her glass cage. Only murder, or intrigue, or suicide, is of interest to her: all other news she leaves severely unread. Her business is lucrative. Her life ceases to be peaceful and happy only in the times of political election or of war, when it is possible that her *kiosk* may be ransacked,

knocked down, or burnt. A person with whom the newsvendor allows herself to associate on equal terms is a *concièrge* of the house opposite her *kiosk*.

The word *concièrge* reminds me of many things and awakens many memories. She is such a character in Paris, especially among the students, that I feel I must attempt to describe her. One whom I recall is lean and bony; her face is the colour of parchment and covered with lines and wrinkles; her hair is sparse; her tongue is of the sharpness of a two-edged sword. She wears carpet slippers, and is always either puffing or grumbling, if not both. Her quarters are near the entrance of the houses, so that she can open the door by means of a pulley by her bedside whenever a lodger enters after eleven o'clock at night. He must call out his name, however; and severe is the lecture delivered to him next morning, for the *concièrge* in her way is a despot. If you live on the first or the second stage, the floors are highly polished; but if you live near the roof she has no respect for you whatever, and your floor is polished only on New Year's Day, when she gives it a vigorous rub, wishes you a Happy New Year, and waits for a present.

To leave the *concièrge* and return to the street vendors: How fascinating they are, and how

diverse ! In all seasons they come, at all times of the day, each with his or her peculiar cry. First there are the sellers of fruit and vegetables, great coarse women, loud-voiced, shrewd, as indeed they must needs be to deal with the Parisian housewife. Morning at four o'clock sees them at the Halles bargaining for their wares, and arranging them on their barrows, often with quite a good effect as to colour. Then off they go, each to the particular locality where she is known, crying, "*J'ai des beaux choux fleurs ! O comme ils sont beaux !*" "*Pois verts, pois verts !*" "*J'ai de la cerise, la belle cerise — cerise douce !*" Women with barrows are not allowed to stay in one place for any length of time : the policemen are constantly telling them to move on. On they go all day long, only resting for a few minutes at mid-day to take their humble luncheon. Occasionally a little child goes with them to help to push the barrow, and often there is a large dog pulling it. With difficulty they manage to earn two francs a day.

At seven o'clock in the morning the fish-and-mussel woman comes round with her long wailing cry, "*J'ai des beaux maquereaux, des moules, poissons à frire, à frire,*" or "*À la barque ! à la barque !*"

Still poorer than the barrow women, still less

important, still more unfortunate, are the women with baskets, and those who carry their wares in their hands—stale vegetables, pencils, laces, buttons, balloons, three unappetising oranges held in a dirty hand offered to you outside a theatre, and so on. Ten or twelve sous is the most that such women gain a day. For that they must stand in the streets hour upon hour and shout themselves hoarse. Small wonder that at the end of the day they spend some of the hardly-earned sous on glasses of absinthe and cognac to drown their gnawing hunger and utter misery.

The most popular of street traders are the sellers of dolls and mechanical toys—poodles that jump by means of an indiarubber tube, miniature motor-cars which run by clockwork, clockwork mice, dolls that open and shut their eyes. Attracted by the bright colours, children love these women and the smiling toy-seller who sits at the gate of a park or public garden. The time has gone when the toy-seller cried to the children as they gazed with longing eyes at her engaging wares—

*“Pleurez, pleurez, petits enfants :
Vous aurez des moulins à vent !”*

Lower still in the social scale come the women who

sell "café au lait" and "lait froid ou chaud" (from a sou's worth upwards) and the fried-potato women. These generally install themselves outside wine-shops, or, by arrangement with the *concièrges*, in the doorways of lodging-houses. The fried-potato woman is popular. In the dinner hour her stall is crowded with workmen and apprentices. There she stands all day long, and sometimes all night, before her little furnace, ready to do business. She is a quaint figure, generally short and fat, getting on in years, a white cap on the back of her head, a shawl crossed over her bodice. Her time is fully occupied, when not serving her customers, in keeping the ragamuffins of the streets from playing tricks with her furnace, or from rolling her potatoes in the dust, or from tearing down the paper bags which she has nailed to the wall. She knows that it is of no use to attempt scolding them; therefore she calls them all the endearing names in her vocabulary, such as "*Chouette*" or "*Mignon*." Occasionally these women will cook a *ragout pot au feu*, sausages, haricots, and what are called *arlequins*, all on the same little furnace; and very appetising these fried meats are, especially when they are cooked for a special customer.

The *marchande du café* is to be found beneath

doorways or in the angles of bridges. In her large white apron and cap, she sits with her feet on a charcoal stove, a long low box inverted, with a clean white cloth upon it; in front of her are two or three blue-and-white bowls; beside her is a cylindrically shaped urn and brazier, on which she makes her coffee and sometimes chocolate, for the men and women to whom the creameries are too dear. She sells them rolls as well, and they stand about her in groups eating and drinking and talking.

There is still another class which is of some importance among the workers of Paris. That is to say, the hawkers, the pedlars, the beggars, and the street musicians. To this class belongs the great strong woman who brushes the streets and courts. Five o'clock sees her vigorously sweeping the water over the streets and into the gutters with a large coarse broom until the stones shall shine again. A chirruping of birds in the windows announces the chickweed seller. "*Du mourron pour les petits oiseaux*," she cries. On Sundays the seller of goat-milk comes round with his flock of goats, blowing on a primitive reed pipe, and ready to milk them whenever a bowl is offered. A bell vigorously rung announces

RUE DE LA FAYETTE. ·

DES CONSIDERABLE
JUSQU'AU 1^{ER} JUILLET

JUSQU'A CETTE EPOQUE LA MARCHANDISE SERA VENDU
JUL 1^{ER} JUILLET CHANGEMENT DE P^{ER}CE



refaire l'impression

the tripe man. "*Vitrier*" shouts the seller of window-glass as he passes at nine in the morning. A little woman with a wrinkled brown face provides delicious cream cheeses for three sous. "*Voilà le bon fromage à la crème pour trois sous,*" she cries as she trundles her three-wheeled cart. There are many beggars and many musicians in the streets of Paris; but one can scarcely call them workers. Women with babies tramp the streets and look pitiaibly at you; but they do this for fifteen years or more. They have always babies, and nearly always different ones. Occasionally really good singing is heard in the streets; but generally it is a doleful wail.

The servants in Paris are a class by themselves. They seem to come from anywhere but Paris—Brittany, Flanders, Provence, Gascony—in fact, from all over France. The Parisian housewife is difficult to please. She has a sharp tongue, and at times can be exacting; she is exceedingly thrifty; she keeps everything under lock and key, measuring the sugar, counting the candles, and occasionally turning out the servants' trunks. She is as a rule a veritable slave-driver. She apportions the servants' food; she suspects them; in a word, she is their natural enemy,

and very unpopular in the servants' hall. The lady's maid alone is not bullied by her mistress, who is more or less in the maid's power. She is generally an acute, clever, good-looking person. To her alone is revealed the innermost secrets of her mistress's heart and of her toilet, the subtleties of her correspondence, her secret debts, her intrigues, her position with regard to various dressmakers and milliners; nothing is hidden from the lady's maid, who spies upon her mistress whenever she has an opportunity. Well-dressed, perfumed, and befrilled, with a distinguished air and affected speech, she apes her employer in every detail. She reads Balzac and Meténier; she rifles drawers and shelves under the pretext of rearranging them. If there is a quarrel between Monsieur and Madame she always takes Madame's part—not through affection, but because she is more assured of keeping her place. Her great idea is to return to her native town when she is about thirty-five, and establish a green-grocery or a draper's shop.

Nurses are nearly always of the peasant class; occasionally they are German or English. A *nourrice* holds a superior position among the servants of Paris. She is looked upon as a

species of governess; but she teaches the children very little beyond cramming their heads with ghost and goblin stories and instilling terror of the dark into their minds. It is amusing to watch a *bonne* with her charges in the Luxembourg gardens or the Tuileries. How different her behaviour is when the mother is present! She will play with the children, laugh with them, cover them with caresses, administer gentle reprimands. Directly the mother has gone, she will tease, scold, and shake the little ones, leaving them at times to their own devices while she herself makes eyes at the passers-by, or chats to errand boys, or reads romances.

A cook holds a high position. She is generally a large woman with a red, good-humoured face. Dignified, proud of her skill, excessively clean, she deeply resents any criticisms or trespassing on her own preserves on the part of her mistress. If anything goes wrong the wretched kitchenmaid gets all the blame. She is exceedingly sentimental, and is able to read romances and cook at the same time. You will often see a Parisian cook balancing a love story against a bowl of dripping while engaged in trussing a fowl. She is distinctly mercenary. She makes money when-

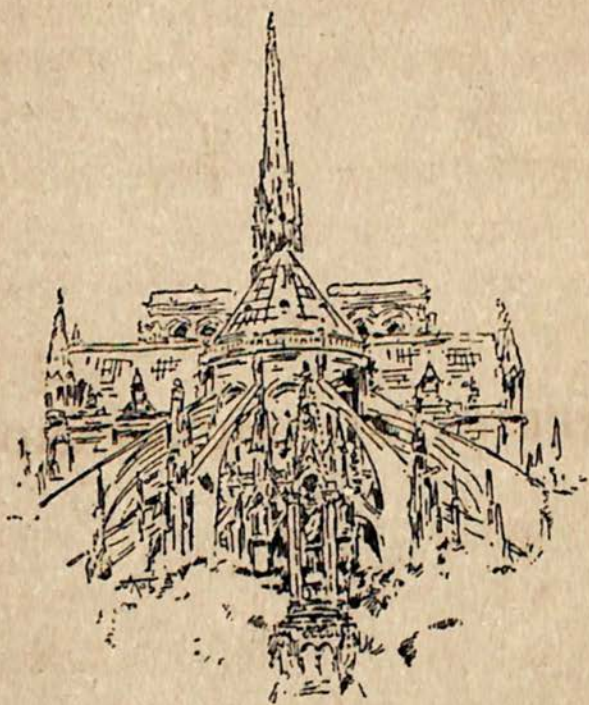
ever and wherever she can : sells remnants of the meals, has an understanding with the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker, and receives good round sums from them at certain intervals.

The girl who is called the *bonne à tout faire* is the most deeply to be pitied of Parisian servants. Generally a strong country girl, she takes upon her shoulders the work of the house. She is cook, nursemaid, housemaid. She washes, sews, and irons and mends the clothing of the family. She rises early and goes late to bed ; she is scolded and worried out of her life by the *bourgeoise*, her mistress, who generally holds her under her thumb. She must be very careful not to break anything, for the price of each article broken is deducted from her wages. She is paid from one pound to two pounds a month. Her ambition is to marry and become mistress of a small farm.

The waitresses at the restaurants Duval are among the most fortunate of the Parisian servants. They receive from four to eight francs a day ; besides, they are more or less independent. Waitresses much prefer to serve men. These are generally quicker and more decisive than ladies in giving their orders ; they do not linger over their

meals, and are generous in the matter of tips. The waitress at Duval's is hard-working. At seven o'clock in the morning, before the customers arrive, she sweeps and cleans the dining-rooms and helps to prepare the vegetables. All day long she waits in her little black dress with its spotless apron and demure cap, patiently, intelligently, never forgetting an order though she may be serving three or four tables at a time. She pays special attention to the habitués of the restaurant, and carries on mild flirtations throughout the day.





Notre Dame.

VI

STREETS AND BOULEVARDS



STREETS AND BOULEVARDS

IF you want to understand the real Paris, the Paris of the Parisians, study her streets and boulevards. The streets of Paris are not like those of London, or Berlin, or any other Continental city, merely thoroughfares. They are not simply passages through which the populace hastens homewards or to business. The word *home* has little or no significance in France, whose people say "*Je vais à la maison*" — into the house, into the interior;—rarely home. For their news, for their pleasure, for their gossip, for the latest sensation, they go out into the streets and boulevards, especially to what is known as *The*

Boulevard. This stretches from the Rue Royale to the Rue Drouot. The boulevard is the pulse of France. On the boulevard life is more intense than elsewhere : there is always some excitement, some flitting fancy, some strange or stirring news—it may not be true, it may be corrected an hour later ; but what does that matter ? Parisians must have their little excitement : they come to the boulevard for it : and the boulevard never fails them. In fact, they look upon sensation much as they look upon their absinthe before dinner : it is a stimulant to appetite, a quickener of the blood. The *kiosk* and the newspaper-hawker are characteristic of the boulevard. Newspapers play an important part in the lives of the Parisians. There are papers to suit all intellects. The poor man has his journal written expressly for him ; so has the rich man, the business man, the *bourgeois*. At five o'clock in the evening the boulevard swarms with newsvendors. The *kiosks* literally bubble over : they are filled to overflowing with journals of every kind, news from all quarters, articles from all pens. Papers are stacked on every shelf and hanging from every ledge ; papers festoon the walls and deck the counter. All are here—the serious political journal, the halfpenny one wild with its blazing pictures of

the latest murder, "society papers," fashion papers, comic papers, English, German, Spanish, and Italian papers. In the midst of it all sits an old dame in a chequered shawl and with a face like carved mahogany.

In the streets of Paris the flowers of the season are always plentiful. They have a ready market, for of all luxuries they are the most favoured by women. They range from modest bunches of violets and mimosa, pushed along the pavements in *charettes*, to elaborate bouquets festooned with ribbons and coloured papers. Flowers seem to speak of love and romance more persuasively in Paris than elsewhere; they are much used to express emotion and to convey messages; they play an important part in Parisian courtships. Paris would be nothing without her flowers. There are flowers for the chaste, flowers for the sad, flowers for the humble, flowers for the sumptuous; there is the nosegay of a penny, the bouquet of ten pounds. There are flowers for marriage-engagements of convenience, flowers for true lovers, flowers for actresses, and flowers for young girls. A Parisian's life, be it joyful or be it sad, is always flowered. White flowers deck a baby's christening; white flowers festoon the marriage altar; white flowers

cover a black-draped carriage ; the sad join hands over waxen lilies. The luxury of flowers strikes a sweet poetic note amid the hardness and brutality of life in a great city. Even when the December north wind penetrates to one's marrow, it is spring-time in the florist's shop — spring-time fragrant with white roses and orchids and green ferns nestling in beds of satin, gardenias and violets for buttonholes against backgrounds of regal purple velvet, all arranged with that exquisite grace and lightness of fingering peculiar to the *Parisienne*.

The great shops of the boulevards are mostly drapers', milliners', hairdressers', and florists'. Usually you may see lines of handsome equipages waiting for their mistresses outside such houses as those of Worth and Doucet—and the hours the poor horses are kept standing! The head men and the designers at such establishments are autocrats. The chief thinks nothing of keeping a lady waiting. If her manner of wearing his creations does not please him, he leaves word that he is not at home to that particular dame. ..In his own little world, this designer of dresses can, by a smile or a word of approval, or an adverse criticism, transport the high-born to the seventh heaven or to deep despair. The jewellers' shops on the

boulevards are palaces of deception. No one is so attractive, so plausible, so persuasive in his speech, such a finished liar, as the jeweller. He will tell you marvellous stories; he will flatter, he will cajole, he will show you his entire stock-in-trade, he will spend endless time with you; and at length you begin to believe what is written in large gilt letters on the pane outside: *Diamants—plus beaux que les vrais.*

The boulevard shopmen know well how to set out their wares in the most alluring manner—how in December, to group strawberries in dainty baskets, to encase peaches in nests of down—to accentuate the frailty and the rarity of the fruits. The arrangement of shop windows is an art of which the French are masters. To be a window-dresser one must know how and in what manner to attract the passers-by: one must have an eye for colour in arranging neckties and socks in the most captivating combinations, the lightest of fingers in persuading yards of material to resemble certain flowers. The very hats in the windows have a daintiness, a crispness, an innocent freshness, peculiar to the boulevards: they look in very truth as if they could do no wrong.

Photograph shops and picture shops, full of

portraits of the latest hero proclaimed by the populace, and of the latest professional beauty, swarm on the boulevards. They minister to a somewhat low taste; but they reflect popular feeling. The latest anecdote, the latest scandal, the latest turn of political affairs, is portrayed and illustrated. There are picture shops for everyone—windows full of photographs of old masters and coloured prints for lovers of art; pictures of horses for sporting citizens, photographs of the winners at Epsom and at Longchamps; pictures of actresses and ballet dancers, which sell in thousands, beside those of princes and statesmen, which do not sell at all.

The *camelots* are characteristic of the boulevards. Year in, year out, winter and summer, day and night, they are to be seen there. The *camelot* is as undetachable from the boulevard as a limpet from a rock. His inventive spirit has the secret of gaining a livelihood out of nothing: he, of all others, is able to sell the unsaleable. He can make you laugh with his indiarubber-faced dolls and mechanical toys, when all else fails; he can sell you matches when the tobacconists' are shut; should you break a stud, he can supply another in a moment. Is there a storm brewing?

Are you stifled with the oppressive air, your feet burning with the heat of the asphalte? The *camelot* passes with his fans at two sous apiece. He adapts himself to the moment, always producing the right thing at the right time. What he sells is rubbish, perhaps; but it is what you want. The *camelot* is almost diabolical in his ingeniousness. If you are going on the river in a twopenny steamer and have forgotten your parasol, he is there waiting on the *quai* with his large multicoloured Japanese umbrellas, opening them, shutting them, spinning them round to show the full glory of the strange fantastic fish and flowers—all a penny each. In vain the police have endeavoured to turn the *camelots* from the boulevards: it is impossible: they are necessary there: they give amusement, and are picturesque. There is nothing vicious about these men, nothing bitter, nothing sad. They are bright and good-natured, never grumbling against fate or their condition. The *camelot* is a real bohemian, honest, independent; he has a quick eye and a nimble tongue. He is the barometer of popular opinion and popular taste, and therefore as inconstant as the moon. He sells the plaything of the week; he illustrates the question of the day, the scandalous pamphlet of the

moment, the latest political satire, the newest joke from the café concerts. The *camelot* knows exactly what line to take in order to please his public—what side of the latest political, religious, or psychological question to adopt.

At one time the popular cry of the streets was "*En voulez vous des-z-homards?*" Now it is something different. One should not merely read the cries of the *camelots*: to appreciate them to the full, they should be heard. The beauty is in their music—in their long plaintive notes and triumphal strains. These men have unconsciously established a kind of musical prose which at times is quite delightful. Children love the *camelot*. He has always some new toy for them, some surprise in store. First it is a horse-and-cart that runs by clockwork. Then there is a magic pipe. You blow upon it, and an egg appears; the egg opens, and a cock emerges jubilant and crowing. Then there are indiarubber faces which can be pulled about to form different expressions. The *camelot* keeps up a conversation as the children pass. "Would the young gentleman like a portrait of himself?"—"Here is the likeness of your grandmother"—and so on. The *camelot* sells books that have been rejected by the Censor; these the

Parisian cannot possibly resist. Then, again, if one is blasé, worn out, tired of long nights and useless days, he presents you with Racine, Corneille, Cicero. Are you of a frivolous or romantic turn of mind? He has a honeyed and sickly novel for you. For strangers in Paris he produces guide books, plans, views of the Capital—all for three sous. During the various wars he was ever ready with his maps—Madagascar, South Africa, Port Arthur—what not? He has useful things also—pins and buttons, brushes for cleaning pipes, dog chains, scissors, toothpicks, watches which are “nearly silver,” purses in Russia leather.

One must not confound the *ramasseur de mégots* and the sandwich-men with the *camelots*. *Camelots* are men who have no special trade, creatures of providence; the others have still, miserable though it may be, what they call their *metier*. Rugged, sullen, spiritless, they have the business of picking up ends of cigars and cigarettes. Silently they sit on benches opposite the cafés, watching the customers as they drink and smoke; deftly they probe with their long sticks among the feet of the drinkers as a cigar stump or some charred tobacco is dropped. Some

are young; others are weather-beaten ancients. No one notices them; no one is conscious of their presence. Two or three hundred of these sad and solitary people wander through the streets of Paris, plying the same trade. No one knows how they live, and no one cares. Still, the commerce of the *mégots* is lucrative. Three hundred pounds of tobacco are gathered daily.

The sandwich-men are just as miserable. There always seems something pathetic about these hungry-looking people walking about advertising the best places at which to dine—these sombre men, with their air of funeral mutes, stating that “to-night there will be dancing at the Casino,” and that “one can laugh uproariously at the Champs Elysées every evening during the summer months.”

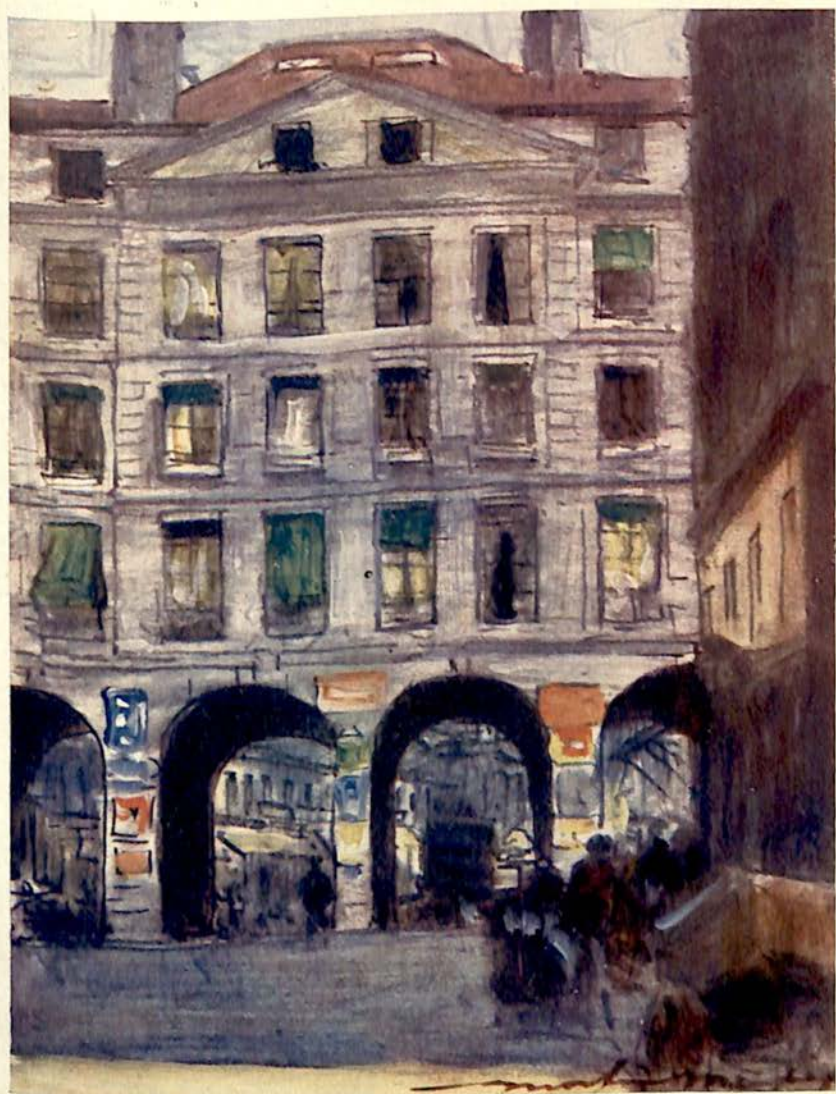
It is difficult for the stranger to see Paris as she should be seen. One can always tell a stranger, be he Russian, English, or Chinese—him whose only fixed point, his only refuge, is his hotel. When one sees strangers on the boulevards and in the streets one never mistakes them—that is to say, the thoroughgoing tourists. They come with the fixed idea that they are going to change neither their language nor their clothes, and

certainly not their habits. Never dreaming of putting themselves in unison with the people by whom they find themselves surrounded, they eternally thrust down your throat the facts that they are travelling and that they are foreigners. They go about with opera-glasses slung round their shoulders, capacious purses strapped to their waists, small felt travelling-hats, thick short skirts and useful blouses, capes and square-toed boots, no matter how hot the weather may be. In their own country they would never dream of walking through a public park on a summer afternoon in such a 'get-up: they would not go down Oxford Street on a shopping expedition, or lunch in Piccadilly, or have tea in Bond Street, in similar garb. Why when they go abroad they should disguise themselves in this terrible travelling costume I cannot imagine. It would be easy to carry an extra dress or two, such as they would wear at home, a becoming hat, a dainty pair of shoes, and to leave the opera-glasses and the bulky purses at the hotel. They rarely smile. They cannot be enjoying life. They merely march through the streets with the determination to see and "do" things. This particularly applies to the trippers dragging round with Cook's agents—people who

admire things and places only when they are told to do so : only those which are underlined in the guide book. Packed as tightly as sardines, they take excursions into the country in unsightly char-a-bancs ; they drive about Paris at fixed times ; they devote an hour and five minutes to the Louvre, a quarter of an hour to Notre Dame, and three minutes to the Venus of Milo. Happily, Parisians now are so well used to us that they are able to distinguish the Briton abroad from the Briton at home and to criticise accordingly. Besides, they do see another class of English persons in Paris—men and women who go to the city for the season, make their homes there for the time being, and have their little circle of Parisian friends and interests.

The tourist, strangely enough, nearly always chooses the off-season for his visit to Paris. He goes thither when the Parisians have flocked to Trouville and other resorts in the fresh air. What can such people see of Paris when her inhabitants, who form the interest and life and attraction of the place, are fled ? Paris has become a dead city for the time being. The tourist is absurd. He should go in the early part of the summer, when the gaiety of Paris is all the more entrancing because it is out

IN THE RUE ST HONORÉ.



of doors amid trees in leaf and the flowers in bloom. Then indeed Paris is at her best. At such a time the women wear their most becoming clothes : light colours and fragile fabrics are *de rigueur*. At night there are gorgeous costumes in the café concerts of the Champs Elysées ; and what handsome women ! Not only does one see English and Americans, Chinese and Russians, on the boulevards at this time of year : people of the *bourgeois* class, and rustics from all over France, come with their wives and little ones to enjoy Paris. It is to them as if they were in another country, as if they had come from the farthest end of the earth. It is generally some event of importance that brings them to Paris—a public funeral or a political demonstration. The benches on the boulevards are their favourite resorts. Here they sit all day, open-mouthed, watching the passing show. It is as good as a play to them, as it must be to anyone unused to Paris, to watch the huge multitude of people gliding past. The whole broad road from kerb to kerb is a stream of vehicles thundering on the wooden pavement. There are huge omnibuses with heavy loads of people, each drawn by three strong horses ; ramshackle fiacres ; victorias with their burden of pretty women ; bicyclists, many of them women,

dressed in baggy knickerbockers, to which it takes one's English mind some time in becoming accustomed; motor-cars rush past, there being no limit to the lawful pace; there are regiments on the way to or from the barracks, making bright patches of colour with their blue and red uniforms. One curious thing I noticed about the traffic of Paris on the boulevards. The fiacres and victorias do not pass slowly and with the express intention of exhibiting their occupants, as with us. The Parisians use the side walk more than the roadway for parading themselves and their dresses—the side walk under the shady trees, where they sit in masses, or outside the cafés under the striped awnings, watching the passers-by. What are they all there for? Merely to see one another. It is a spectacle of curiosity, nothing more: the world has come out to see itself. It is all marvellous to the *bourgeois*, sitting on the bench of the boulevard—the small shopkeeper and his wife—he with his white waistcoat and shiny tile; she with her black bonnet, pink ribbons, and nodding plumes. The *nourrice* next to her, in long grey cloak and gay plaid streamers, does not seem much interested; neither does the blue-bloused workman lounging in a corner of the bench, a clay pipe in his

mouth, his eyes fixed vacantly on his outstretched legs.

To sit on a low bench in (let us say) the Champs Elysées, watching the passers-by, is a sufficient way of spending a summer's morning. A fascinating place the Champs Elysées is, with its broad avenue stretching as far as eye can see and culminating in the Arc de Triomphe, its green trees on either side—not English trees, broad and spreading, but long-stemmed, bunched out at the top—French trees. Traffic passes up and down continually. The sound is a different sound from that of English traffic: it is more a jingling of bells, more a quick-trotting sound: there are more swiftly-flying motor-cars. A smart carriage drawn by brown horses beautifully matched, a neat dark-brown carriage driven by a liveried coachman, passes. There is no doubt of its nationality. It is English. Most of the horses one sees on the Boulevard des Champs Elysées are of a feeble kind.

How quickly one can tell English people when they pass! There is a certain squareness about the men—something in the angle at which their hats are set—something in the careless way they thrust their hands in their pockets, and the way they smoke their pipes—which is quite distinctive.

The Champs Elysées in the morning seems to be the favourite place for men to walk in with their dogs. They pass slowly along, reading their papers; the dogs, generally fat terriers or black poodles, follow. Now and then, when the master stops to read a particularly interesting piece of news, the dog sits down in front of him and gazes straight up into his face.

There are many boulevards in Paris—boulevards *des affaires*, boulevards of fashion, boulevards of silence, boulevards of communication, boulevards for the rich, boulevards for the poor, boulevards of every kind. Turning from the boulevards of fashion and the boulevards of the rich, let us think of the boulevards of the poor. In Paris each quarter has its own particular characteristic, its own particular charm; each is as it were a little city within a city; and it is perhaps the poorer quarters which are the most interesting. On the boulevards of the poor humble folk abound—small tradesmen, men and women from the workshops, the toilers of the city. Here there are manufacturing houses and what are known as *ateliers*—work-rooms. The houses “graze the sky”; they are very high and narrow, like those of New York. Small ones are almost unknown. Practically all the houses are towering

tenements. A little house with a garden patch or a yard belonging to one family is impossible in Paris. To be sure, there are courtyards, in which, if one tilts one's head back and gazes upwards, it is possible to see a square inch or so of blue beyond the chimney-pots; but there is no privacy about these yards. Hundreds of windows look out on them; the waste of dozens of families, which rag-pickers are allowed to take, is emptied into them. Milk carts rumble about on the flagged stones; fishmongers, fruiterers, and hawkers of all kinds shout their wares; beggars and musicians wail under the windows. This is the kind of home life, this is the garden and the back-yard, of poverty-stricken Paris. In London, how different! There the working man has always his little bit of a place that he can come home to at nights with pride. Still, the Parisian is quite content: he does not want to go home: home does not enter into his calculations. All he needs is his bed to lie down on at nights: the room itself may be a cupboard for all he cares. When the workman's or workwoman's toil is over, he or she goes out into the streets or to the boulevards for pleasure. The boulevard is the recreation ground. In this fact lies a great difference between the two nations. Englishmen of the lower

classes look upon the streets merely as passages. They never look up at the statues in the streets and squares ; they rarely look in at the shop windows ; they do not care if the lamp-posts and benches have been painted pea-green or citron-yellow ; they do not mind if the streets are not clean, if the public buildings are atrocious in design. They do not even look up as they hurry along the streets with their bags over their shoulders on their way home. All they are thinking of is the cup of tea and the bloater awaiting them, their own particular chair by the fireside, their evening pipe, their forty winks. To the Frenchman, how different ! He loves his boulevards, with their budding avenues of freshest green, their colour, their variety, their movement. He loves the bronze fountains and the statues, the palaces, the glories of architecture, the elegance and majesty of the parks. He is proud of the well-kept streets, the house fronts which are scraped every two or three years, the shops. He can buy a paper, practically written for him, which sympathizes with him in his poverty and hard-work, and tells him just the sort of stirring news he likes. When the day's work is over the carpenter lays aside his plane, the tailor his scissors, the artist his brush, the politician his pen ; and one and all go to their

various boulevards. They dine in the streets, and they return home merely to sleep. There is one strange thing—strange, coming in conjunction with their love of outdoor life—and that is that Parisians, when they have work to do, prefer to do it in their own houses, instead of at the factories. They would resent being ranged in rows and made to work: they like to have their own little glue-pot and bundle of tinted rags for constructing their artificial flowers, their own tools for making mechanical mice and jumping monkeys and political puppets, their hammers and steel discs for making picture cards, the material for making gowns and hats, *chez elles*. Possibly the wages would be higher at the workshops; but Parisian girls are jealous of their freedom.



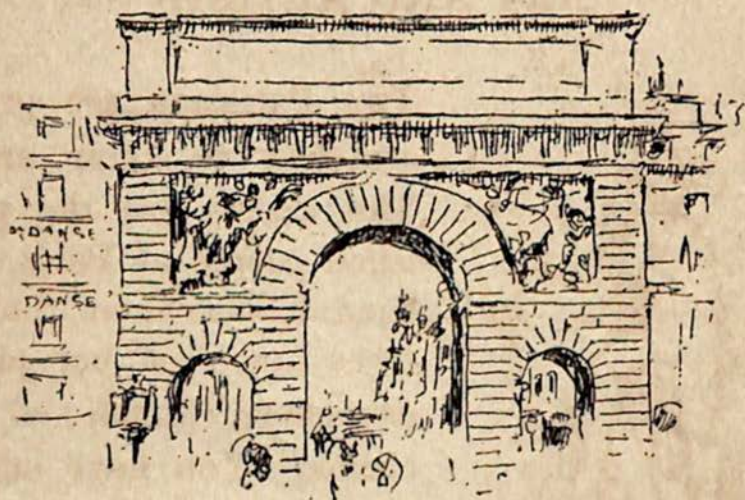


The Arc de Triomphe.

VII

ART AND ARTISTS

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Porte St-Martin.

ART AND ARTISTS



THE Parisians are greatly attached to their artists. The artists are the privileged people of Paris. Indeed, it is to them that she owes much of her picturesque-ness, much of her charm. You have only to cross one of the bridges leading from the Rive Droite to the Rive Gauche to notice the difference. You leave behind you all that is *blasé*, all that is *bourgeois*, all that is joyless and sick

and dispirited; and find yourself among a people to whom boredom is unknown. Here, instead of white gloves and light-kid gloves and pointed

shoes, baggy trousers and corduroy coats and voluminous neck-ties are *de rigueur*. All are bearded, even the youngest men ; it may be only a tuft of straggling yellow fluff at the end of the chin, but still it is an attempt at a beard. Queer figures these artists look, strolling down the streets, nearly always linked together, sometimes in couples, sometimes in strings of four and six, all with long hair bunched out beneath wide-brimmed felt hats, all dirty, all slovenly, each with an old pipe stuck in his mouth. The night is made hideous as they sing and dance through the silent streets on their way home—for it is seldom that such men retire before three or four o'clock in the morning ;—but the awakened Parisians merely smile indulgently. “It is the students amusing themselves,” they say.

Poverty and picturesqueness are the chief characteristics of student life in Paris. Very sad is the distress that sometimes overtakes these light-hearted strugglers after glory. The ordinary visitor does not usually see the undercurrent of bohemian life in Paris ; if he did, probably he would not understand it. It is only a student who is really capable of sympathizing with these toilers in Bohemia—only he who can understand their joys, their sorrows, their aspirations, the

heights to which they are capable of rising, the depths to which they often fall. There are, of course, some who are utterly worthless—boys sent to study art, and allowed so many francs a month, who, after working steadily at first, gradually find the life of the cafés and cabarets more fascinating than the life of the schools, sleep all day, drink all night, and drift gradually towards the river and the morgue. There is a class of young men who, though just as poor, have yet the light of hope to cheer them on their lonely way. Just as shabby, just as dirty, reeking just as much of tobacco and absinthe, they have always in the background of their minds that masterpiece which is to set the Seine on fire, that picture which is to be hung prominently in the Salon, that poem which is to be on the lips of Paris. Hope is the greatest comfort, the greatest joy, the greatest solace of all; it is meat and drink and comfort rolled into one; it is the very mainspring of life to these men. Though their clothes may be frayed at the edges, they can hold up their heads and walk unashamed before all men.

Shiftless, happy-go-lucky fellows are these students of the Latin Quarter; yet they are generous. On the first week of the month, when

the remittances have newly arrived, there is great rejoicing. One notices little articles of luxury among the men who stroll along the boulevards—a clean shirt, a new neck-tie, a shiny hat in place of the battered old one. It is hard sometimes to recognise one's most intimate friends in the first week of the month. Money flows as water; everyone is anxious to entertain. One-franc-fifty dinners are indulged in; at which tablecloths and napkins appear, the dishes are many and the sauces highly flavoured; surprises lie in wait for you at every course. At such a time the *garçon* is in his element. He becomes callous and reckless. Should a half franc be pressed into his outstretched palm he does not move an eyelash. *Crémeries*, with their stews and curries, are for the time abandoned.

One can tell the beginning of a month even more readily by the women of the Latin Quarter than by the men. Gorgeous new hats appear on the heads of Mimi and Annette and Madeleine—walking gardens of roses, laburnum, and hydrangeas. Judging by the quantities of feathers, one fears that all the ostriches must have become tailless. At such a time, the cafés and boulevards are crowded, the waiters are overworked, and the

passing pedlars do a roaring trade; the Turk in his picturesque costume is soon rid of his sweetmeats, and the beggars, the nutman, the olive merchant, do not appeal in vain. The flower-girl knows it is safe to pin a rosebud in every buttonhole she passes, and the singers chant their choicest ditties to a sympathetic audience.

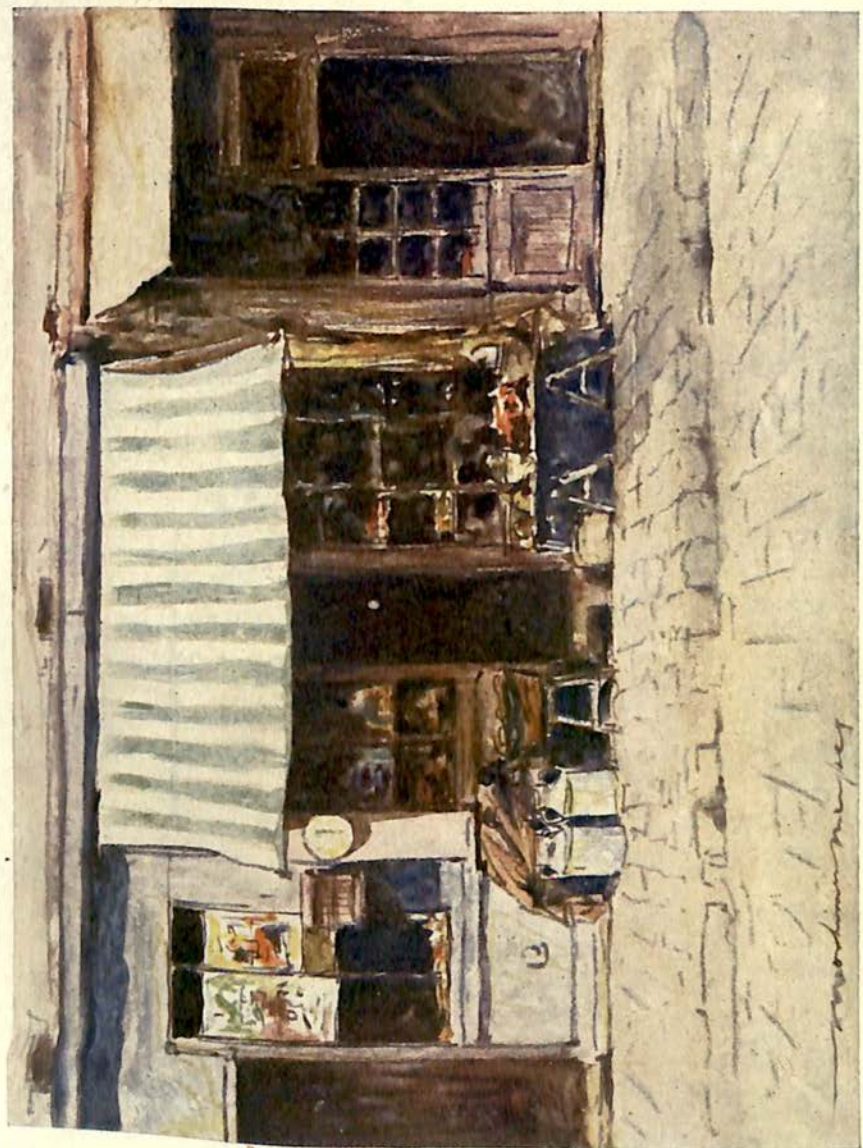
Up beyond the Gare Montparnasse on the first of the month you see the Latin Quarter at its best and gayest. There seem to be no serious shops in these parts. Even in the narrow streets leading to the great boulevards, every shop, if it be not a café, is a *pâtisserie* or a *crémèrie*. The pavement is narrow; but outside each café there is always a group of white-topped tables. Everywhere one hears the clattering of glasses and the shouting of the *garçons*. This is real Bohemia. Here are quaint cabarets, cafés, and *brasseries*; it is extremely interesting to study the various types of men and women seated outside. The streets are filled with noisy, rollicking students, singing and dancing, generally arm and arm with some brilliant gay lady dressed in the height of fashion. Now and then one comes across exceptionally garish lights, flags, and painted woodwork. It

is a café concert, where the attractive word "Bal" is written in glittering points of electricity. Very festive is the scene that meets the eye as you peep into the interior—dark foliage glowing with coloured lights, an occasional sweeping black hat, the point of a scarlet slipper; in the distance there is the soft throbbing of a waltz.

The women on the boulevards and their dresses are indescribable, so costly and fashionable are they—dazzling visions of silk and lace and gauze—as they sit in graceful poses in the cafés, made brilliant by thousands of electric lights, and resplendent with gilt-framed mirrors, or stroll through the streets with the students. Here and there one sees a negro, gorgeously dressed and flashing with jewels. He is always surrounded: Paris falls down before and worships these great negroes. I wondered when a native servant, after allowing us to pay his passage over from America, left our service for Paris: I wonder now no longer.

On a Saturday night these boulevards of Montparnasse seem never to sleep. Men and women and students dance and laugh and sing through the streets at all hours. First there is the Bal Bullier, to which nearly everyone goes; it ends at

A CRÉMERIE IN THE RUE ST HONORÉ.



twelve. The many cafés of the boulevards close at two. After that there are the small *boulangeries*, with their hot rolls and basins of milk; also the *Halles*, where the students love to make mischief among the busy workers with their cartloads of vegetables and fruit. Then there are round about the *Halles*, innumerable cafés which are kept open all night for the benefit of the market people. Here the students and their companions stay drinking and talking and singing until the sunshine comes to shame them, and to transform gaiety and brilliancy into tawdriness unspeakable.

I prefer the students in the days of their poverty—in the second fortnight of the month, when it becomes necessary to pull themselves together and do a little work, if only to keep body and soul together. The young student awakes one morning, after his fortnight of dissipation, to find but a single coin in his purse. Then comes a terrible question: How is he to live for two weeks on two francs? Fortunately, there are *crémeries*, where a meal of four courses—soup, meat, potatoes, and cheese—is to be procured for a few sous. Then, again, in the Latin Quarter, a student knows how to cook—how to make the most of potatoes and present them in a thousand

different forms. He knows also that he must not take too much exercise : otherwise he would create an appetite.

At length he busies himself in work. He begins a picture which is to make his fortune : it is to be bought by a millionaire or by the Government. He chooses some ghastly subject ; he works up an inspiration ; he lives in the atmosphere of his picture ; he eats and sleeps no longer ; his face becomes thin and drawn. Friends are enthusiastic, generous in their praise. He takes his picture to the Salon. Sometimes, when it is already hung, a panic terror seizes him. He fancies there is something wrong with one of the eyes. He mounts upon a ladder ; he paints rapidly, furiously. The eye changes with extraordinary rapidity. First it winks ; then it squints ; then it assumes a drunken expression. Six o'clock, the closing hour, arrives ; the artist leaves the eye still blurred, and flies from the building as if a thousand fiends were at his heels ; and the great doors close behind him with a bang. He knows he has failed. No judge will raise his hand (sign of approval) as he passes the picture. Still, the Salon is a splendid school in which to learn patience and perseverance, and many another useful lesson

besides. Early success has ruined many a clever man; perhaps failure never has. The young student will send a picture to the Salon every year, until one is accepted. It is almost pathetic, at the last day on which pictures are admitted to the Salon, to watch the nervous frenzy of the students in the Latin Quarter. Most of them are up by daybreak putting on the final touches, squeezing out tubes of paint, conceiving fresh inspirations at the last moment, wiping full moons off landscapes, and putting them in again, as rapidly as you or I could cut a cake.

Every fad in painting that one can imagine is depicted. The Avenue de Champs Elysées positively swarms with artists and their masterpieces. One sees the queerest pictures on their way to the Salon. The omnibuses are crowded inside and out with heated persons balancing large canvasses, clasping small ones, and gazing with anxious eyes as the passengers brush past, a skirt narrowly evading a seascape, a pointed boot almost obliterating the setting sun. Occasionally one sees a pretty girl's head peeping over a five-foot canvas on the top of a 'bus—a mop of golden hair under a large black hat, troubled eyes and a twitching red-lipped mouth—she is an English or American

girl, whom Art has called across the Channel. On a day like this art is cheap. One meets it everywhere. You pass it trundled in a two-wheeled cart among the traffic; perhaps it is plutocratically dashing by in cabs; or it may be strapped on the backs of groaning porters and policemen. Which will be victorious — cab, omnibus, two-wheeled cart, pedestrian? It is hard to say!

One can nearly always distinguish an English or American girl, especially an art student. There is an indescribable something about the hang of her skirt, the angle at which her hat is set; a certain firmness and independence pervade her every movement; she has that clean, healthy, groomed, well-set-up appearance which one knows so well but cannot easily put into words. Paris seems very delightful to a young girl-student freshly arrived from home. She feels that there are years of hard work before her; but she means to be an artist, and she does not care. Probably she lives with another girl, also an artist, in a delightful little studio up flights of polished stairs. What matter though it be on the fifth floor? There is a beautiful view of Paris over the chimney-pots, and a vine creeps across the window.

Anyone in Paris who is bored and can indulge

in half-an-hour's amusement I advise to pay a visit to the Louvre on Wednesday or Saturday. He may see a most interesting exhibition—not of pictures, but of English people. A Frenchman of my acquaintance never by any chance misses this opportunity : and I should strongly recommend anyone whose time in Paris is limited not to bewilder his brain by gazing at the treasures with which this immense palace is crammed, not to slide about on the highly polished floors and pick out the Botticellis, the Raphaels, the Rubens ; but merely to join a flock of tourists dressed in ulsters and glaring plaids who follow in the wake of Cook's agent, and in an hour thoroughly 'do' the pictures of the Louvre. In the midst of a group of about fifty—fat mammas, slim daughters, men old and young, all preternaturally serious and dressed in outlandish clothes such as one never seems to come across in England—is Cook's agent, holding *Baedeker* in one hand and with the other sawing the air by emphatic gestures. In a loud nasal voice and with a Cockney cadence he is delivering a lecture on the History of Art, illustrated by the pictures of the Louvre. His audience stand about him open-mouthed and deadly serious. Now and then he makes a witty remark, a stock one, and pauses for

the accustomed laughter. Perceiving that something is expected of them, his followers give a ghastly grin—it is like a ripple passing over a smooth sea. He does not pause long, however ; for time is valuable. There is nothing unexpected about this tour of inspection. Everything, even to the jokes and the pauses, is marked out, and has been repeated over and over again, until it is absolutely mechanical. One hour exactly is devoted to the paintings. You hear a roar which you take to be thunder. It is only Cook's tourists mounting the stone stairs. They pass through the different *salons* at a gallop. They have other sights to see besides the Louvre this morning. Five minutes are devoted to Raphael, ten to Rembrandt, and twenty to Rubens. How these dear people must suffer afterwards from headache through springing in this rapid way from period to period ! The changing forms and colours must bewilder their brains, and their impressions of the Louvre when returning to England cannot be very well defined. They are made to admire this picture, to feel emotion before that master ; they are told wearying stock stories and legends. How these tourists are hated by the students ! The men and women who are copying in the Louvre are swamped by this

HÔTEL DE VILLE.



great flood that surges through the galleries, blocking the view, disturbing the peace, almost knocking them off their stools. The copyists in their turn are amusing. One sees the queerest types. There are old ladies in antiquated dresses, shrivelled dames who for forty years have been at work on a Raphael or a Titian, and are always saluted respectfully by the guardians and called "Mademoiselle." Others, young and pretty, will be seen mounted on ladders boldly copying Watteaus. The only way to enjoy the Louvre, and to gain any real good from your visits, is to become intimate with certain pictures or statues or tapestries and study them whenever you have a moment to spare.

The average modern French art is higher than the average of any other country; but there is nothing supreme about it. The artists are evidently well trained, and their technical knowledge is good; but there seems to be no individuality in the work. You do not feel the force of the individual painter in each picture. Just what you feel about their art, you feel about their dress. You know that the choice of colours is good, and that the lines are good; but there is no individuality in their attire. Their homes are similarly vague. Big French exhibi-

tions, such as the Salon, have done a great deal to affect art and kill individuality. Young art-students are brought up with the idea that they must paint a very large and stately picture for the Salon: a small one, they think, will not be seen. It must either be a very white picture or a very dark one, very delicate in colouring or very crude: in their opinion it must always be "very" something. All this helps to kill individuality in the young painter; the weakness clings to him, until he is at length unable to paint a picture full of reserve, and such as can be seen under ordinary conditions. Then, as a rule, in the French modern school one feels a certain coldness, a lack of enthusiasm. There seems to be always a straining to astonish. Also there are affectations, such as the affectation of simplicity, and that horrible overdoing of the so-called planning of pictures in values. Altogether, modern French art is not inspiring. There are, of course, brilliant exceptions, such as Degas and others I could mention; but for the most part, one comes away unsatisfied, though impressed.

In Germany there is more true art—certainly there is more in England—although the average work in France is on a higher plain.

Occasionally one comes across pictures which would strike the uninitiated as being realistic; but it is not the realism that one finds in great works such as the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Velasquez. French painters struggle to be realistic, and in a way they are; but theirs is a foolish realism. Often the subjects are vulgar, chosen to shock or surprise, or else to kill other pictures in the same exhibition.

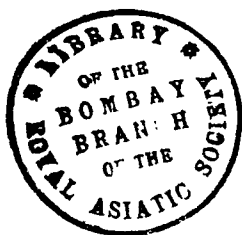
There are certain schools of painters in France who work artificially; no true art is achieved among them; they work more or less as faddists. For example, there are the impressionist painters who try to systematize picture-making, and work it out as one would a proposition in Euclid. Their frantic efforts to paint sunlight are almost pathetic: they strain the medium to such an extent that it becomes merely ridiculous. One man will paint an open-air scene in spots of prismatic colour; but his work is not convincing—it is merely interesting as an experiment.

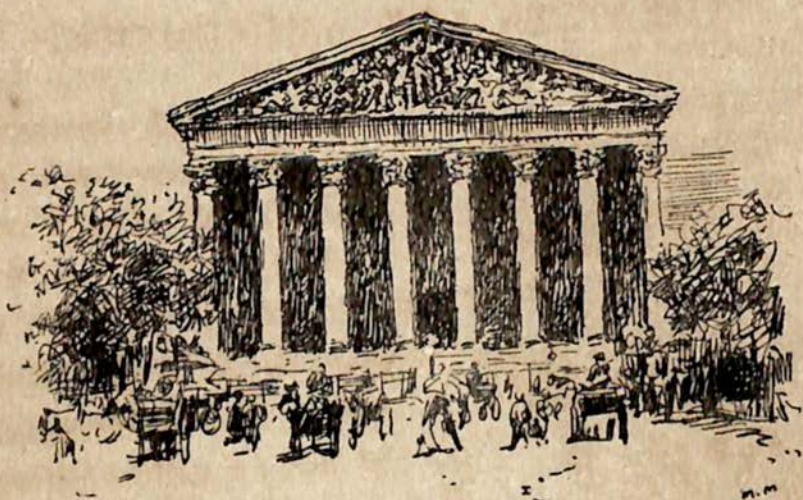
One of the great drawbacks to French art is the lack of colouring in the pictures. The painters seek what they call powerful effects and broad tones; but the results are more or less colourless and the shadows are black. There is always a

struggle to get what they call "tone values," which ends in making you feel that you are looking at a black-and-white study rather than at a coloured picture. Crude colouring is rampant; but there is more colour in a Corot than you will see in a modern French painting. Corot, although he is silvery and fair, is far more suggestive of colour than all the crudities of the moderns. In speaking of colour, I mean that a picture should be coloured in every portion, even right away into the shadows, so that whenever you chose to cut a square out of it that square would be a perfect jewel—it might be a grey jewel, or a blue one; but still it should be infinite in gradation.

VIII

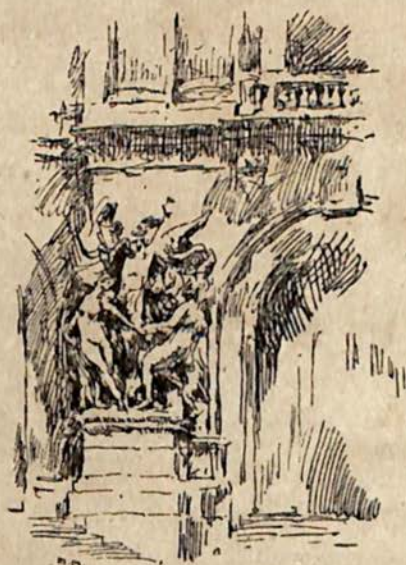
THEATRES AND AMUSEMENTS





The Madeleine.

THEATRES AND AMUSEMENTS



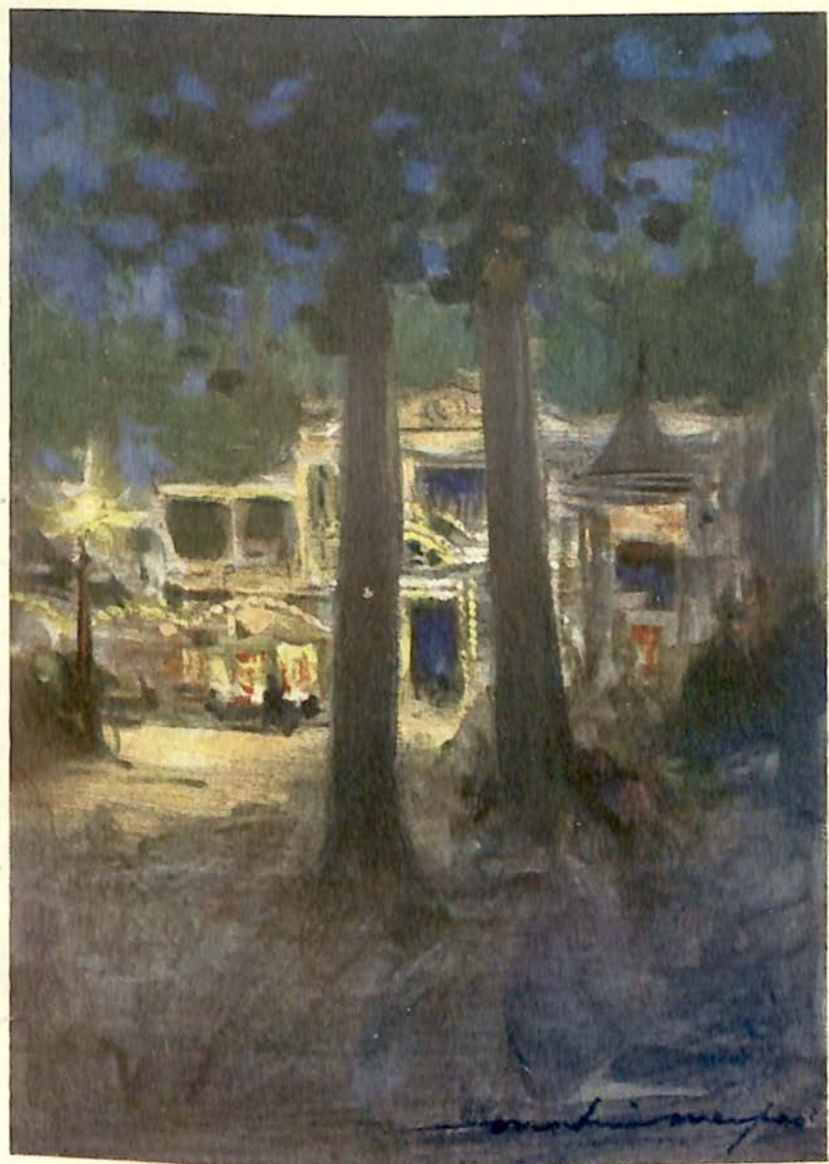
ACTORS and actresses, especially actresses, are made much of in Paris. Adored, fêted, applauded, they blaze as stars in the social firmament. It is the ambition of many a girl to become a player. She does not think of the hard life an actress in Paris must lead—harder there than in most cities, because

the public is fickle. In England, if an actress has won a name, should her work be ever so bad, should old age overtake her, or should she lose her appearance, she is still received with joy and even reverence; the people still flock by the

thousands to see her ; she is still an idol. We are constant to our ideals in England, ever ready to uphold them ; but in Paris it is different. An actress soon loses her crown of laurels ; it can be snatched from her in a single night. If she is in "bad form," if her voice is weak, if her appearance has deteriorated to any extent, she, the favourite of a month before, will be deposed. Every sentence she utters will be greeted with derisive laughter ; indeed, she may be hissed from the stage. The Parisians will not put up with bad work : they must have the very best from their actors and actresses. An actress in Paris is the slave of public opinion, the servant of the people. She belongs to no one ; yet she belongs to the whole world. She loses private individuality. Each night she must be dressed and redressed in the same way, smile in the same way, pose herself before the public in the same way.

The café concerts are among the most popular of Parisian amusements. In the summer time they are given in the Champs Elysées, and in the winter in the cafés of the boulevards. They are, I believe, quite the most demoralising of Parisian entertainments. I have never been able to understand a word of what the performers were saying ; but I

A CAFÉ CHANTANT.



am told that the songs are so vulgar and so indelicate that it is incomprehensible why they are tolerated. The singers at the *café chantants* are very many; but a good voice is rare. For the most part the voices are harsh and rasping; there are generally only one or two men or women who are worth listening to. There are all kinds of singers — semi-sentimental ones; extraordinary women dressed in transparent gauzes, who emphasise every other line with a high kick; humorous singers, women who draw roars of laughter from the audience; patriotic singers, whose songs are about *la patrie, victoire, gloire, armée*, and so forth. Lastly, there are the “stars,” the great people who appear about ten o’clock. They have generally some talent, some character, some beauty, and voices which, when one considers the terrible tax laid upon them, are not bad. A favourite singer draws all Paris. Men and women flock to hear her; she is received with unstinted applause. It is entertaining to see her playing with her public: she is so sure of herself; she knows she can charm; she sways people to her will. She sings her songs lazily, without effort; sparkling now and then, when she chooses, she is recalled again and again, until at last, with a languid smile,

she points to her throat and retires for the evening. An actress of this popularity receives from two hundred to six hundred francs a night, as well as being at liberty to perform at private parties. The Town will go to see the ballet at the Opera, and sometimes at the "Academie Nationale de Musique et de Danse"; but the ballet is introduced into theatres only as an incident, not as an attraction. One would imagine that the French were enthusiastic admirers of the dance; but, although all the finest dancers come from Paris, that is not so. There is a great deal of art in the nineteenth-century ballet. A girl usually begins her career at seven or nine years of age and attends ballet classes after school hours. She loves her art passionately; and she loves her voluminous short skirts, dainty airy costumes composed of white banks of tulle. Discipline in the school of the ballet is very severe. Exercises for making the limbs supple are extremely painful. Often a girl will plead a sprained ankle to avoid some severe *pas*; but the childish excuse is seen through by the pitiless master, who will listen to no complaint. The girls repeat their steps time after time before him—the *pirouettes*, the *jétés*, the *ronds de jambe*;—often they will have to stay for

minutes with one foot on a level with their shoulders. Of all actresses, dancers have perhaps the hardest lives, and are thought the least of. At the same time, they are nearly always the “nicest” girls in the profession—good-hearted, affectionate, devoted little creatures who make attachments and are very faithful. It is not at all unusual to hear of some love-sick dancer having committed suicide. The *ballerine* is not as a rule overburdened with intellect—her art appeals to the senses;—but what chance has she had? All the time of her childhood has been occupied in developing her muscles. She is a charming woman, always ready to laugh and romp and curvet as a child would: she has been described as a person who *s’habille, babille, et se deshaille*—which is perhaps true. The good-hearted little woman has ready sympathy and an outstretched hand for a companion in trouble. Often a subscription will be organised among the company, and handsomely contributed, to save some suffering sister. The *ballerine* has no idea of money or the value of it; she acts entirely on impulse, and is as ready as a child to laugh or to cry. Ballet girls are often very superstitious. Many of them wear amulets, and make the sign of the cross before

appearing on the stage ; they attend mass regularly, and burn candles at the altars.

All this, of course, does not refer to what are called the *premier sujets*, dancers of the first rank.

There is a class of dancer much inferior to the dainty little *ballerine*, whose work is a real and difficult art. That is those professional dancers who attend the public balls at the Moulin Rouge and the Bal Bullier. The main object of these women is to kick as high as possible, to be amazingly elastic, to appear just as if they had no bones to hamper them. This dancing is most inartistic, nothing more than a whirlwind of black stockings and white lace ; but the damsels are very proud of their deeds, which are without grace or harmony. At the opening of the ball a space is cleared for them, and you have an exhibition of spirited dancing ; after that they can do what they like, dance with whom they choose, and fascinate to their hearts' content. These women are often very handsome—of a striking appearance with their jet-black hair, red lips, and fine features—while their lithe figures have a certain natural grace. They go by various fancy names, and are known to the students and habitués as “ *Mimi-patte-en l'Air*,” “ *Sauterelle*,” “ *Mouch-d'Or*,” “ *Zizi*,” and

so on. Their great ambition is to be sketched by the artists, who are deluged by demands that the dancers' portraits should be painted. They receive for their services about two hundred francs a month.

There are many different kinds of professional dancers of whom it would be interesting to speak—Oriental dancers, serpentine dancers, dancers after La Loie Fuller, dancers on horseback. The schools are very wide, and it is not now possible to classify them all.

There is still another branch of the profession, the acrobats — a sad class. One sees them at fêtes and circuses and taking important turns at the music-halls. Their difficult training begins at a very early age. Whole families follow the same calling, and the tricks of the trade are handed on from father to son. Year by year, the acrobats become more plentiful: they spring up as mushrooms do on a summer's night. Of this, surely, we should be heartily ashamed. It is distressing that solely for our amusement so many hundred people a year, so many frail children, should have their lives made hideous by hard and painful training; that their bodies, beautiful and perfect, should be disfigured and distorted out of

all graceful shape; that they should endanger their lives merely for the gratification of the public. It is a terrible spectacle: there is something barbarous about it, something unworthy of our civilisation. When one sees the acrobats—graceful girls, rosy-cheeked boys in silk dresses fringed with gold—how little one knows of the trepidation and agony within them! The salaries that these people draw are very small: a woman whose name figures largely on the posters, who is admired by everyone, receives only ten francs a night. Those who are known as “strong women” are coarse creatures with red faces and bass voices. They generally take to drink. At the best of times they receive only five francs a night; sometimes no more than a few sous. The clowns are the upper class among acrobats. They are at the very top of the profession. A clown is a man of a certain intelligence and humour. It takes a clever man to be a fool. One never comes across an old acrobat. Alas, there is none. All the celebrated indiarubber men—princes of the carpet, aeronauts, trapeze people, strong women, athletes, jugglers—die young from consumption or other disease. All the men of iron and the genii of the air end their glorious careers not later than forty. A few

years of applause, the smiles of women, the glamour of the footlights—and all is over.

Foremost among the lesser actresses comes the *equestrienne*, the circus lady. She steals a march on all singers and dancers in the matter of popularity. For some reason or other, she nearly always marries well. She is extremely popular, and is looked upon with the greatest respect. She is a woman apart. She appears in the circus ring in a well-fitting habit, a silk hat perched at a becoming angle on her head, her skirt falling in graceful folds. She is correct in every detail, modest and un-theatrical. She is too much occupied with the movement of her horse to be conscious of the worship of the multitude. This adds to her charm. She thinks only of her art. To the Parisians there is something infinitely attractive in the sight of a small, delicate, pretty woman controlling a horse, six times as strong as herself, by a simple pressure of the knee, a light touch of the hand. It is marvellous to them how a huge animal like this can be forced by a woman to stand on his hind legs, waltz, lie down as if he were dead, and go through all the regular accomplishments associated with the circus ring. The *equestrienne* has many an offer of marriage,

and, as has been mentioned, generally makes a brilliant match.

The drama in Paris, backed by the State and kept in good repair, is looked upon as a great national industry. The Français and the Odéon are practically "run" by the nation. An actor is greatly admired and looked up to. To be an actor you need not necessarily run away from home: you will not be cast off by your family because you join the theatrical profession. The actor is rapidly gaining a high social position. He has not yet risen to the ultimate heights; but people are ceasing to look upon him as a mere mummer—what they call in France a *cabotin*. The Order of the Legion of Honour has been given to several French actors. Coquelin was seen arm in arm with Gambetta at the height of the statesman's career.

The Comédie Française is a fine dignified old theatre. Molière is its god, whom the entire company fall down before and worship. Indeed, it is known as "the house of Molière." There is always a dinner-party on the poet's birthday. It is his name that holds the house together. All the old traditions, all the old treasures, are kept intact. Here the beautiful language of Racine

and Corneille is spoken. It is a museum of classic literature, a school of manners and of taste. People go to be stimulated and refreshed; they come away feeling that they have been in a lofty atmosphere. What a contrast to the vulgar Café Chantants, the Moulins, and the Folies Bergeres! The Français is governed by tradition. No one knows how it is held together. Terrible quarrels are commonplace; but it goes on. Entering the Français, one feels that one is entering the Temple of the Drama. Its very atmosphere breathes antiquity. Every piece of furniture, every little article, has a history of its own. There are ancient spinets, a collection of old walking-sticks, and a bell which is said to have given the signal for the massacre of St Bartholomew. There are wonderful old tapestries, mirrors, Empire furniture, bronzes, silver plate, collections of comic masks; and every item has a history.

There is not much scope for the individual actor at the Français. The players are cast together in one great company; they form a harmony; they are trained for this special work—to perpetuate the fine old French drama. An actor must not assert his individuality, or show genius apart from particular lines. People go to

the Français to admire the famous plays, not the original acting or the genius of the players. The tradition of the Français is that there should be no star. Each player is equal, and shares profits in due proportion. You receive a pension when you retire, and it is considered that once in the brotherhood you are always in the brotherhood.

Sarah Bernhardt was the first to break through this rule. She desired to tour all over the world, to assert her own individuality, to emerge from the narrow sphere of the Français and spread her fame broadcast. Therefore she broke her engagement. So did Coquelin. In spite of these losses, the Français is still packed, winter and summer.

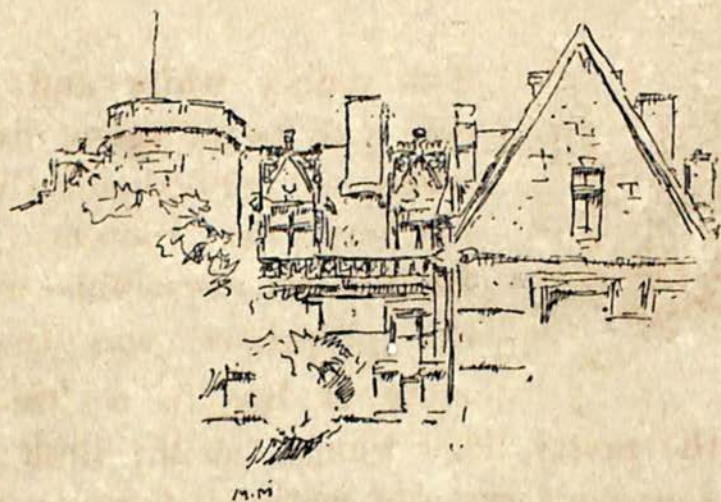


— studio in Naples

IX

CAFÉS AND RESTAURANTS





Musée de Cluny.

CAFÉS AND RESTAURANTS



THE dainty white - and - gold café with its red velvet divans, where one felt at home always—where the waiters were familiar, yet respectful—where the proprietor was treated more or less as a friend—

where the pretty little woman at the desk had always a gracious smile of welcome for you—that type of café, once so general, is almost extinct now. One comes across it but rarely, and never on the boulevards.

The oldest café in Paris is the Café Procope. A world of memories is recalled by the mere mention of that name. All the most celebrated men of the eighteenth century—artists, literary men, philosophers—went to the Café Procope. Opened in the reign of Louis XIV., it stood in the

Rue de L'Ancienne-Comédie, opposite the old Theatre Français, and was the first shop to be called a "café." That is to say, it was the first in which coffee was served after dinner. Before then such places were known as taverns and provided only wine. Now the word "café" has spread throughout Christendom. Most restaurants and dining saloons are called cafés. When first opened the Café Procope was a dangerous rival to the ancient Pomme de Pin, frequented by Villon, Lafontaine, Rabelais, Marot, and Molière. All flocked to the new café—Diderot, Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, D'Alembert, Holbach. Voltaire came from the Theatre Français, where he had been rehearsing his plays, to drink coffee at the Procope. His chair and table are held sacred to this day—the table on which the great man inscribed the following quatrain :

" Car devant l'institut
Un serpent mordit Jean Fréron,
Que croyez-vous qu'il arriva
Ce fut le serpent qui creva."

Hither came Diderot, to his little table in the corner; his voice—grand, passionate, vibrating—was heard above all others. Here a duel was

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE



Capitulum inquam

fought between the proprietor and an aristocrat about a cup of chocolate. Here Danton and Marot played chess. Here many revolutionists met to discuss their plans. The Procope plays quite an important part in history. Some of the greatest writers of the time assembled there, and a paper called *Le Procope*, to which most of the customers contributed, was established by the proprietor. The Procope to-day lies in a quiet little street. It is very picturesque, with its diamond-paned windows and trailing green vines which grow so profusely around them. Inside the light is dim. The hand of time has fallen heavily upon the little café. Even the woodwork and the furniture are discoloured. There is nothing frivolous about the Procope, nothing showy—no glass candelabra, no gleaming mirror, no gold paint—everything is rich and dark and sombre. Hither many young painters and poets come for rest and quietude—to this place, where the greatest men in all the history of France have sat,—and the atmosphere is alive with their works and memories.

The cafés and cabarets of Montmartre are different—eccentric, fantastic, morbid. There are cabarets of Heaven, Hell, and Death, where the waiters are dressed respectively as angels, devils,

undertakers. The Montmartrois find pleasure in combining merriment with death: they like to chuck the devil under the chin. You enter into the cabaret of Heaven through the Golden Gates; a cold blue light shines down upon you from above. The angel Gabriel guards the entrance—an angel with an ill-shaven face, surmounted by a long flaxen wig and a halo, dressed in a pure white gown, with wings sprouting from the shoulders. “Enter into Heaven,” he shouts: “prepare to meet your Creator.” You dine off long white-covered tables to the accompaniment of solemn church music; *garçons* dressed as seraphs take your orders for drinks; and the proprietor, clothed as a priest, addresses you from a pulpit. The ceiling is of a brilliant blue, flecked with fleecy white clouds and studded with golden stars. When you call for a drink the ferocious angel at your elbow growls, “Thy will be done.” Now and then you find him vigorously rubbing his legs: he finds the pink tights chilly. Old Father Time comes by occasionally, and will oblige you, if you will but drop sous into his hour-glass, by giving you a few extra years of life. Now and then, just to cheer you, St Peter appears with rosy cheeks and a bowl of holy water; he sprinkles the crowd beneath. You can become

an angel after dinner, if you will, by visiting the seraphs in the angel room. For quite a small sum, anyone can float up and down through ethereal space along with a bevy of angels. Sometimes you will see a stout, uncomfortable-looking old gentleman sailing in paradise, hat and all, and irately shaking his fist at some female angels, who persist in making love to him.

On the boulevard Clichy is the Cabaret de la Mort, le Néant, a dark and dismal place, which a pall-bearer bids you enter. Coffins serve as tables; all the waiters are undertakers. When one enters from the brilliantly lighted street the cabaret appears to be in inky darkness; but on becoming accustomed to the blackness you begin to discover human skulls and bones decorating the walls, dimly burning tapers, terribly realistic pictures of death and bloodshed, while desolate voices moan such phrases as "Compose yourself for death," "God have mercy on your souls," and "Thou art now in the grasp of death." If you ask for a glass of beer the order will be repeated in transliteration, thus: "One drink with the germs of cancer," or "One draught promoting cholera." Horrible illusions arise. Someone, a beautiful woman for choice, enters a coffin; is wrapped in a

pall; slowly before the eyes of the audience her body decomposes, eventually taking the form of a skeleton. Now and then, by way of change, a young man in clerical dress steps forward and gives a really eloquent lecture on death—its horrors, the certainty of its coming to all of us, the manner of its coming, its terror and gloom and hopelessness.

The meaning of such cafés as these is not clear. They are depressing, revolting, disgusting.

Montmartre is a scene of all that is wild, mad, extravagant. People there wear themselves out in a whirl of unnatural excitement. Nothing is too grotesque, too terrible, too eccentric, for the Montmartrois mind. There are cabarets where it is the fashion to sing about thieves and murderers—where no more elevating subjects than crimes and bloodshed are talked of. Terribly realistic dumb shows are performed: executions are committed beneath your eyes. All this is child-like and absurd, if you will; but it shows depravity and low tastes. On the whole, however, Montmartre is more or less of a fallacy. Those cafés which are known as “literary” and “artistic” are mostly got up to amuse the tourist and the stranger, and are counted among the shows of Paris. One must

not think when one visits these strange and extravagant places that one is seeing anything characteristic of Paris or Bohemia.

Many of the cabarets of Montmartre are dark and stained with time, the low ceilings covered with cobwebs and dirt — sinister-looking places closely curtained and visited only by the daring. At these tables sit men and women who are neither young nor fresh—men with dissipated faces, long hair and beards, flowing neck-ties, and fingers stained with nicotine.

Other cabarets are of a different type, more picturesque and less revolting, where real bohemians congregate—poets, singers, and artists—and others listen enraptured to the songs, freely and generously criticising the poems and compositions — cafés which are informal conservatoires and training schools, where aspiring poets and singers can test their capabilities, and become accustomed to a varied audience, before launching themselves and their achievements on the world. A place of that kind is as it were a battlefield of the arts, where young men without position or salary, aspirants to fame, can be heard and receive the advice of really capable critics. The *patron* of the establishment is

generally a well-read man. He makes comments in a gentle, well-modulated voice, in the intervals between serving his customers and seeing that the contents of the saucepans do not boil over.

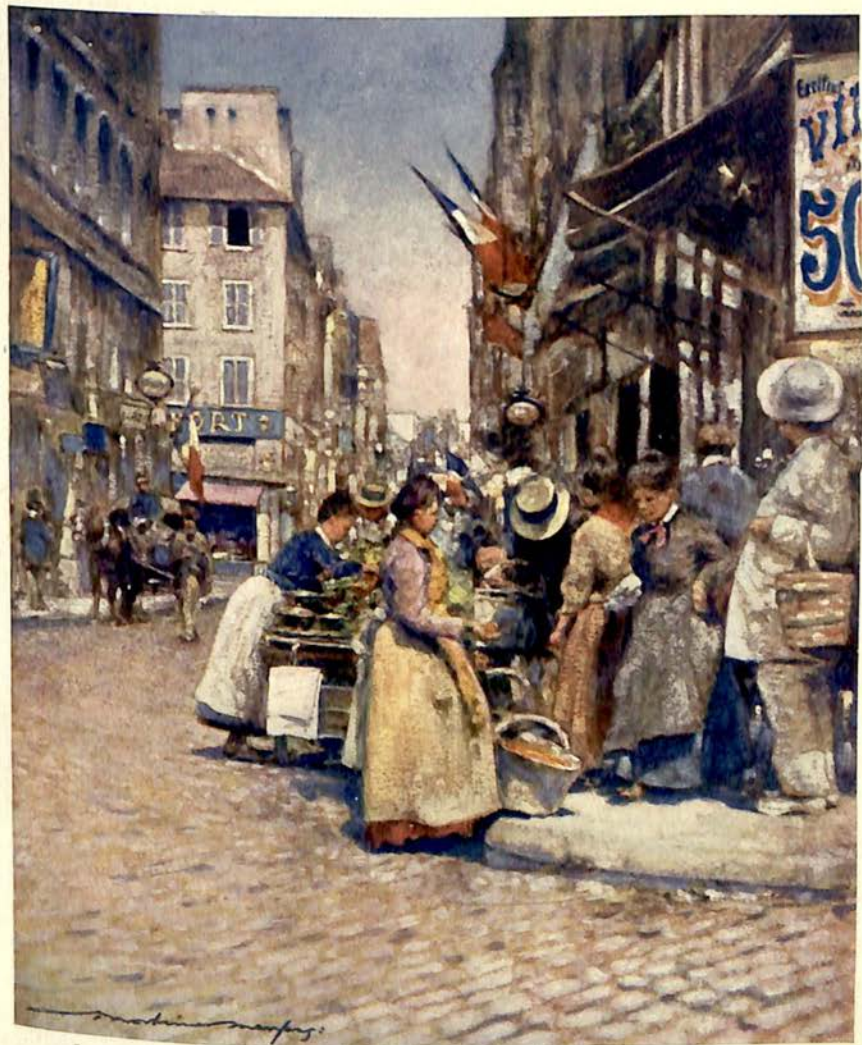
There are in the Latin Quarter charming little cafés that are generally famous for some special dish—beans, omelettes, “filet de bœuf,” “chaud-froid”—for which the smallest possible prices are charged. Even these are paid with difficulty. The picturesque clients are generally poor, and many are the unpaid accounts in Madame’s book. Often pictures are received in payment for a month’s board. Nearly always the same clients frequent these artistic cafés. Each has his own particular place; each his own hook, on which he hangs his napkin; and woe betides the stranger who dares to poach on these preserves. You feel so welcome at your own pet café! Madame is generally motherly and kind. She knows how to tempt your failing appetite with some special dainty; she knows all your little whims and peculiarities; she takes your hat and cane, and points out an interesting piece of news in the daily paper. Even the black cat purrs a welcome to you as he rubs himself backwards and forwards against your

legs. One sees always the same people—the poet, the singer, the actresses, the dreamy novelist, the vivacious artist, the wicked little music-hall person with black hair and sparkling eyes. Many of the marble-topped tables are smothered with sketches; the dark-toned walls bear drawings and caricatures. Madame is cook, waitress, and manager. She is always gracious, whether she is cooking over the big range, or running into the shop next door for juicy steaks and chops, or waiting at the tables.

Very interesting is life in the queer out-of-the-way cafés and cabarets of the Latin Quarter—strange bohemian cafés, dirty and noisy, the atmosphere thick with the fumes of tobacco. If one only knows where to go, there are cabarets in which one can see the real student-life of Paris, the real bohemians, men who sleep during the day, after writing a few lines or painting a little picture, just sufficient to gain enough money to spend a night in a cabaret, some underground dirty old hole, which seems neither dirty nor a hole to them, who live in a delightful world of their own, wherein sadness and hopelessness play no part—a world made up of art, music, poetry, and romance; of soaring aspirations,—

caring nothing for the money-grubbing world. These are not real students. They are people who imagine themselves and one another to be geniuses; they feel that the world is cold and unsympathetic, and derive joy from one another's praise. They can recite their poetry and sing their songs each night with the assurance of a good reception; they can discuss art, and drink and smoke and be enthusiastic, throughout the night. Next day may be blank and sordid, all the worse for the night's dissipation; but to them it is not deplorable. Now and then in such places one comes across real genius—a fine voice, or a poem of marvellous rhythm, passion, and subtle force. A continual concert is kept up in these cabarets. A slim boy with much hair and a small moustache will play, his long sensitive fingers drawing wondrous harmonies out of the old piano; the room will be as still as a church; every eye will be fixed upon him; his playing will be received with vociferous admiration. These bohemians are wonderfully kind. Even if a man is a complete failure, he will be listened to attentively and applauded. Extraordinary-looking people these bohemians are, mostly—long-haired, shabby, their faces alive with a deathless

A CORNER AT THE RUE DE SEINE.



hope, a certain dignity and gentleness in their manner, continually rolling and smoking cigarettes.

They say that the art of cooking is fast decaying in Paris; yet certain it is that the reputation of the Parisian restaurants still remains unchanged. To be sure, the day has gone by when a *chef* would commit suicide because the fish was late in arriving, or give up his profession because his master was incapable of appreciating his compositions. The time has passed when, as a great writer has said, "to detect the flavour of an olive was no less a piece of human perfection than to find beauty in the colours of a sunset"—when the table was more entertaining than scenery, and had more devotees than love. Over a hundred years ago, the preparation of food was deemed to be a learned and most dignified profession. On feast days a *chef* always figured prominently in the processions, carrying his "roaster's banner"; he was looked upon as an artist, and treated with the greatest respect. The *chef* of a hundred years ago took an artistic pleasure in the way his dishes were served, and in the arrangement of his table, the brilliancy of the whites, the richness of the reds, and the delicacy of the greens. Then a wine-cellar had to be at least fifty years old. The

composition of a menu, too, was regarded as quite a fine art. A *chef* was generally able to recognise the author of a menu; and nothing offended him more than to have a dinner or a déjeuner badly composed, without harmony, without taste. It was absolute agony for a *chef* to prepare a meal which was not exquisitely designed. His great joy was to think out new dishes and to prepare them. They came to him as inspirations, often in the dead of night.

Nowadays things are different. People do not go to a certain restaurant so much because of the flavour of its dishes as because it is the fashion to do so—because it is the restaurant of the season. Fashion is fickle. There is no telling which is to be the café in vogue. At one time it is Paillard's; at another it is the Café de Paris. It is the women who make or mar the fashion of a restaurant—not the women of society, but the women of the world, exquisitely-dressed people who must needs always have a change of background.

The art of the *cuisine* has not quite died out from Paris. The fame of the old restaurants is handed down from generation to generation, from *chef* to *chef*; and there are certain houses where

a meal almost precisely the same as that of a hundred years ago can be served now. There are ancient restaurants, such as the Café Anglais, Voisin's, the Maison Doré; there is Durand, with his eighty different courses of eggs; there are Noel and Peters, with their Russian dishes; Marguery, with his *sole à la Normandie*, and Frédéric, with his *Caneton à la Presse*. Josef is no more. He was a wonder, with his *poularde à la Marivaux*, and the chicken which he carved in mid-air with a few strokes of his long knife.

Men still take an æsthetic pleasure in their food. There are some who look forward to dinner as to the great event of the day, preparing themselves for it some hours beforehand, stimulating their appetites in every possible way. Déjeuner is deemed an interesting affair, from which inspiration is to be procured for the rest of the day. The Parisian approaches the table with an air of expectation, sometimes of positive joy; the veriest ragamuffin smacks his lips over his own little bite and sup in his own little cabaret. Even the waiter takes a sympathetic concern in the déjeuner. He is always ready to advise and bring his taste to bear on the arrangement of a menu. Déjeuner in Paris—luncheon, as we

call it—is the most perfect midday meal it is possible to imagine. Only the French really appreciate its arrangement. There is a certain lightness and grace about it. The delicate courses succeed one another in the proper order, giving richer promise as the meal proceeds. Occasionally in London one is given a luncheon that comes up to the Parisian ideal.

The Duval restaurants have easy tariffs; but they are good. One sees them all over Paris. They purvey certain dishes, costing no more than ninety-five centimes, which are perfect; and quite a good wine can be had for one-franc-fifty.

It is pleasant to dine at the Ambassadeurs, in the Champs Elysées, in summer. A single peach costs six francs; but that is a detail. You sit in a balcony among slim pillars of palest green, each one glistening with myriads of electric lights, behind banks of pink roses, through which you can just see the audience beneath and the bright little stage with its ever-changing actors. The Ambassadeurs is delightful, whether you are seated aloft in the pavilion or down among the audience—or even out in the Champs Elysées, peeping in through the hoarding. In fact, I am not sure that those outside are not the most fortunate. They

see the brilliant lights shining in the purple night against the vivid emerald of the trees ; the laughing crowds of people ; the beautiful women, with their clear-cut profiles, brilliant eyes, and carmine lips, under sweeping black hats ; the gay little stage with the wonderful person in blue and orange, her stockings rolled down *à l'Ecossaise*, executing a high kick : and they see it all through a screen of foliage, mellowed and softened ; the voices, loud and discordant, are only heard as an echo by the outside crowd, reaching them robbed of all vulgarity. The singers and the songs are interesting in that they reflect the spirit of the day, of the hour ; the witticism of the moment ; the popular mind. The latest accident, the latest scandal, the latest turn of politics—all is sung of and impersonated. There is Polin dressed as a common soldier. He is the idol of the Ambassadeurs and of all Paris. He has a tremendous reputation, and his sallies are received with roars of laughter. Such men as he could sing Paris into a revolution.

X

JOY OF LIFE

JOY OF LIFE

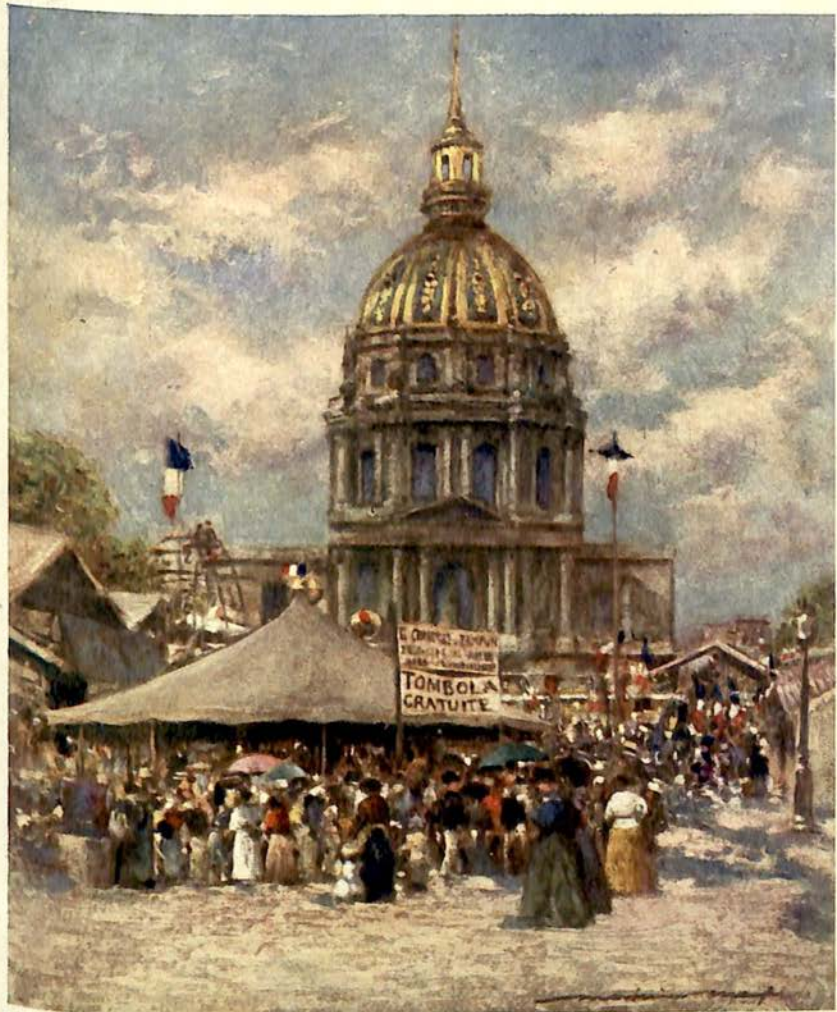


PARISIANS at play are in their natural element. No nation works harder than the French ; but when the day's toil is over, everyone—the literary man, the politician, and the banker, as well as the *ouvrier*, the small shopkeeper, and the crossing sweeper—looks forward to enjoyment. It may

be only over a trifle—a glass of wine, a cigarette, a stroll in one of the parks to feast his eyes on natural beauties ;—but it is sufficing. This feeling of *bien être*, of *joie de vivre*, is general. In no other city in the world do you find it developed to such an extent. In Paris the people have things all their own way. They have a right to demand that such and such be done—this garden planted,

that boulevard constructed. The people are allowed everywhere: there is no reserving of certain portions of the city, of certain festivals, for the richer classes: everything in Paris is for all. The faculty of *joie de vivre* is a gift from God. Some have it, and others have it not. Any attempt to teach it, or to force it, or even to explain exactly what it is, would be vain. The whole of the French nation, especially the Parisians, have the quality strongly developed. To the English it is alien. See a French crowd and an English crowd at a fête or on holiday, and you shall behold a contrast. The French are as it were in a natural element: the English, until nut-brown ale or the mountain dew begins to work, are engaged in forced and spiritless fun. The Parisian derives untold joy merely by gazing out of his window at the sky, watching the glorious colours flaming from the setting sun change to steely blue and purple—watching the stars peep out, spangling the purple with silver. Love of nature absorbs him. He can conceive no greater joy than to sprawl on the grass in the country, and gaze into the lattice of the trees with the tracks of blue between, while the birds clamour about him and the warmth and the sunshine sink into his being. A party of young

HÔTEL DES INVALIDES EN FÊTE.



people setting out from Paris on a holiday jaunt are amusing. They take wonderful pleasure in the cows, the cottages, the peasants, the train itself, the pace of the train. Then, when they reach the country, great is their joy in strolling through the woods, in picking the flowers, in lunching under a tree by a lake. Parisians adore picnicing, even if they have to take the whole family out for the day and carry the hampers home at night; on Sunday evening there are seething crowds at the railway stations. It is not difficult to get into the country. Paris is encircled by enchanting scenery for miles—scenery to suit every taste: hill and dale, mountain and lake, riverside towns and country hamlets, all to be got at in pleasant ways. On the steamer for twopence you can journey for miles; or you can go by electric tram. Even the poor can reach the country on a summer holiday-afternoon. They can lunch under the trees, twist wild flowers into wreaths, and inhale the odour of the pines. They may stroll through the cornfields, fish in the river, lose themselves in forests cool and fragrant.

Sceaux is a favourite resort. You choose a fine afternoon, and go on a tram from the Champ de Mars, which costs you fivepence. The conductor is a red-faced little man much bullied

by the passengers. If it is a hot day the car soon becomes full. There are babies without number. On the occasion when I journeyed there were two old gossips, one excessively thin and the other excessively fat ; both had shining faces ; both complained of the heat ; both had very dirty hands. The thin one did all the talking, confidentially behind her long bony hand ; the other merely sat and smiled. The car rattled on down narrow streets and up hill-sides. Soon country villas were reached, and more green appeared. We arrived at the gates of the city, the gates of Montrouge, where a few soldiers were lounging. As one passed through the gateway and out into the country, one could not help thinking of the days of the Revolution : how different it must then have been to get beyond these gates ! Many more people entered the car at Montrouge. The little conductor became still more hot and excited. "*Mais, ne me poussez pas derrière,*" expostulated a fat old gentleman. On we went, whizzing round corners, rushing down hills, and crawling up. There were green fields and trees everywhere. Cherry trees in the gardens were bowed to the earth by their weight of fruit ; there were strawberries too, and grapes, trained on sticks, growing out of

doors. A woman with a baby entered the car—a white-faced sleepy baby with an ugly red rash on his forehead; his tiny feet, with ornamented kid boots, hung limp; his hands were outstretched on his white dress; his eyelashes were fair and long. A worried expression crossed baby's face, as his mother moved him to place a handkerchief over her bodice where the jet trimming was hard. She looked at him anxiously, and mopped her own face, and then his, with a handkerchief. A workman entered and opened a conversation, asking after the baby. Smiling sweetly, she explained that baby did not often *émbeté* her; he was living with her sister, and she could not often have him all to herself. By and by baby awoke. His eyes opened wide and blue; the forehead puckered; he was doubtful whether to cry or not; he gazed at his mother, who smiled at him so joyously that the rosebud mouth laughed and the little arms stretched upwards. His mother gathered him up; straightened his dress; patted his face; kissed his ears and the back of his neck; smoothed the little patch of yellow down on the top of his head. The man opposite had no longer a share of the conversation. Mother and baby gazed out of the window, and carried on an animated conversation

intelligible to themselves alone. We were put out at Sceaux, and mounted a steep hill in the thick dust. Every house in the village is a restaurant of some kind; the place seems to be laid out for amusement; there is not a single house in which you cannot procure tea and luncheon. The higher you mount the more festive the village becomes. You pass little groups of donkeys and horses, which for a few pence will take you into the woods. Then, there are the *chevaux de bois*, swing boats, joys of all kinds. We search for a restaurant called "Robinson," the famous one built in the trees; but many people have tea-houses in the trees, and each house proclaims itself to be the true Robinson, *le vrai arbre*. Other houses call themselves "Crusoe" and "Man Friday." At length we use our own discretion, and plunge into the garden the trees of which we consider the most remarkable. It is truly an extraordinary place. The garden is one mass of giant trees with huge branches in which cunning little bowers are perched; one reaches these by means of a substantial stairway cut out of the solid wood and twisting round and about the tree, with banisters and landings—just like an ordinary staircase. In some trees there are as many as four bowers and

summer houses, charming little places with thatched roofs twined about with flowers and creeping plants, and fitted with tables and chairs. From the topmost bough, which is about thirty or forty feet from the ground, there is a magnificent view. Looking down, one sees thousands of tops of trees, and beyond them the town of Sceaux.

On Sundays the place is crowded. It is pleasant to see the women in their gaily coloured summer dresses—reds and blues and yellows and oranges—climbing about among the vivid green. Instead of the clamour of birds, you hear the rippling laughter of women; and gazing up you can just discern a party of young people almost hidden among the fresh green leaves. What fun they have—these *jeunesse*! How they chaff the old waiter whom they call “Man Friday”! What a joke it is to haul up their luncheon in a basket and imagine that they are wrecked on an island and cut off from the world! The trees are covered with names elaborately carved—Lucette, Lucien, Gaston, Alice. What stories they would tell—these carved letters—if they could!

The Parisian does not care much for sport. He does not understand the joys of competition, and he hates the training and hardships connected

with it. There is never a feeling in the French boy's mind that he must do better than that other fellow or die. All he needs is to be happy, to enjoy life. He would far rather go for a picnic in the country than join in a football match. Football strikes him as being a brutal game; it is not what the Parisians call *élégante*; they introduce elegance and fashion into all their pastimes. Boating they consider charming—not because of the exercise it involves, but because it is an excuse for a holiday on which they can wear certain fantastic costumes. A man may not be able to row; but he loves to dress himself up in that *negligé* thing he calls *le bcating*, and row the lady of his choice over to a certain little island where there is a restaurant; there they can talk boating and sing little boating *chansonnettes*. It would be no pleasure to a Parisian on a holiday to go out alone, or with other men, for a long pull up the river. He is amorous in his amusements. He chooses a craft in which it is almost impossible to drown. He dines in a restaurant garden with his fair lady off sardines, cold fowl, fruit, and a marvellous salad which proudly he mixes himself. He makes that salad as if he were painting a picture: with the greatest care mixing oil and

BATHING HOUSE (LA SAMARITAINE).



modern map:

vinegar scientifically; cracking the eggs with precision; stirring the whole with infinite skill. As an artist in salads he considers himself incomparable. He and the damsel return to Paris when darkness is falling upon the water. Lights are twinkling; both are weary; the lady is nodding in the stern. They are perfectly happy: they do not want to return to Paris: they would like to drift for ever on this beautiful river. They plan other excursions for other Sundays. They become sentimental over the stars. The Parisian can understand this kind of boating.

Still, of late years the French have greatly improved in sports. They have learnt to handle the oar. Yearly there are races between the Seine and the Meuse eights. Frenchmen have come over to compete with us at Henley. Generally they have had a severe beating; but they are improving. I am afraid, however, that it will be some time before football reaches the "masses." For a man to be carried off the field insensible, to have his nose smashed or his knee-cap put out, is to the French distressing. They cannot understand why man should suffer in order to enjoy; they take no delight in a scrimmage; they like to preserve whole skins; therefore, they

have turned football into something resembling a fireside frolic.

Pistol shooting is the favourite pastime. The young man of fashion has his own gallery in the garden, and goes out to practise before breakfast. As duelling is still in vogue, he must necessarily be a good shot.

The land being generally in small estates, there is not much game in France; but sometimes people combine and arrange to shoot on their joint properties, apportioning the spoils equally at the end of the day. It is not unusual, when shooting in France, to overstep your property and find yourself on someone else's land. Many are the tips received by peasants from trespassers. There are shooting parties arranged at the *chateaux* in France, just as in England; only, in France men are invited not because of their proficiency in the sport, but because of their social positions.

Fairs and festivals, it may be said, take the place of sport in France. The fun of the fair is looked upon as an industry. Whole families are trained for the business, and some become quite rich from teaching wild animals and exhibiting freaks of nature. At Easter there is a gingerbread fair in the Place de la Nation. Then, there are

fairs in the great avenues—miles upon miles of booths. Every fête day in summer has its fair. There are many things one can do for a penny: you do not realise the importance of a penny until you go to a fair in Paris. If you have many pennies you are rich. You can gamble for terrible blue vases, china cups, and pocket knives, by spinning round an iron wheel; you can throw balls at a rag dummy; you can have your future told; you can try your strength at a machine, and, if you pull too hard, drag all the machinery inside out. The fête at Neuilly in the month of June is amusing. It is situate in an avenue which stretches for miles; the air is thick with dust; flags and wreaths of paper flowers are stretched across the road from side to side. Arrayed under awnings, and decorated with crimson and gold, are hundreds of cheap-jack shops, where pen-knives, Swiss clocks, and monstrous crockery are sold. “*Un sou la fois, quatre chances pour un sou,*” cries a harsh nasal voice. It is a lottery. There is a wheel which is twirled round; as it turns a little man runs up a ladder; if he reaches a certain rung you gain your vase, or your cup, or whatever the prize is. The industry is a swindle, and many are the disappointed. “*Combien sa coute,*” you hear one

woman say to another; "*mais c'est bien chère ça.*" Some people when they lose are inclined to argue the point. There are roundabouts, weird and strange, at intervals down the avenue. Some are fitted with bicycles; it is amusing to watch these as they turn before you. In the middle are a row of calm-looking girls in tights and spangles, beating out the same old tune hour after hour. Their faces are dirty; but that does not abate their dignity. The roundabout starts slowly, and gradually gains pace. There are people of all kinds astride the bicycles—young girls, married women with babies, and little children. Parents, patiently holding the dolls and hoops and toys, sit on the bench opposite. There is the mother of Gaston, newly arrived from school, gay and happy in his new striped blouse and his shining black sailor-hat; his mother holds for him a gingerbread cake and a little whip with a whistle at the end. There are grander roundabouts, where one rides on wild animals—striding ostriches running at full tilt across their own little piece of desert, grinning lions, saturnine elephants. Occasionally one sees some really pretty women on the *chevaux de bois*—extremely smart and gay. One catches beneath their voluminous black skirts a rosy gleam of silk

petticoats as they pass. Some people look ludicrous striding these great wild beasts—spectacled men and stout old ladies sailing round on lions and giraffes. Only the children, clinging with joy to the necks of the animals, seem to be in their proper element. What a contrast are these happy smiling children to the two pallid little boys cleaning the machinery in sweat and anxiety! A jaunty man with a peaked cap hoists the children on by their armpits. “Hoop la!” he calls, and lifts them with quite a professional air. Round go the wooden horses—camel, lion, elephant, reindeer, and giraffe—under the spreading trees; the old tune is ground out; round they go in the warmth of the summer afternoon and all their tinsel splendour.

When you are tired of the wooden horses you can go to the shooting-gallery, a stall which is completely surrounded by men and boys. There are scenes from the war—pictures of the Japs wounded and dying by the hundreds, and the Russians nursing and tending them. You can bombard Port Arthur for a penny if you will, and storm the citadel unaided. It is very seldom that this is accomplished. You generally hit something else: a trap door springs open and reveals

some absurd picture. Then, you can shoot for all kinds of game. If you hit a certain mark, you gain real live animals—hares and rabbits and wild fowl—which, you are told, you may take home for the *pot au feu*; but, somehow, that mark is never hit. The animals eat their heads off in supreme content; they grow old in the service; one sees the same rabbits and hares day after day; they are perfectly happy, knowing full well that their lives will not be endangered.

There is a stall where guns and pistols and knives are stuck on to the counter at various angles. The game is to throw iron hoops over these. Whichever one you encircle, you win. Small boys spend their last penny, and nearly burst themselves, in their anxiety to gain something. One can nearly always tell the names of the various boys at the Neuilly fair; for most of them carry about, pinned to their jackets, gingerbread pigs, ornamented with pink sugar, in which their names are written in white—Charles, Maurice, Henri: one distinguishes them all.

The roads are full of people, continually passing and repassing. Now and then you see a few soldiers—poor figures of men in their slouching red trousers, some of them wearing long horsehair to

A FISH STALL AT NEUILLY.



— painted on paper.

their helmets and big black boots. You will see one talking to a mamma and her two excessively plain daughters with olive faces and moustaches—both dressed alike in white silk dresses; both a little stout. The soldier soon becomes bored, makes an excuse, and goes off. You see little girls proudly holding miniature parasols over their large Sunday hats, which they balance uncomfortably on their heads. The crowds at the Neuilly fête are principally Parisians of the humbler classes and *bourgeoisie*; it is very seldom you see a “smart” Parisian. Absolutely happy are these people with their merry-go-rounds and their lotteries, their shooting galleries, and their wayside cafés. You see whole families sitting at the various tables—the mother and the father with a huge bottle of wine between them, and the children with a stack of *goffres*.

Mi Carême is the great holiday-time in Paris. Then everybody is *en fête*; the roads are thick with confetti; the boulevard trees are festooned with streams of coloured paper; all the world goes mad. At one time the ox, hero of the procession, in great pomp, hung over with gorgeous tapestries and garlands of flowers, used to go accompanied by much music and many people to call on the High

Officers of State. Even now he leaves his card on the President, sometimes carrying on his back a child representing *l'Amour*. The ox used to be led, in scarves, by a band of butchers' apprentices.

The idea of the triumphal procession of the ox is that this is the last flesh which is to be eaten before Lent. This marvellous animal, this *bœuf gras*, has played quite an important part in history. He has had his own literature and his own art. Books have been written on him, and his picture has been frequently painted. During every period of history there has been kept an illustrated record of the processions of the ox. There have been extravagances in the processions—such as a car forming a bouquet of flowers, each flower being a pretty girl's head; a car of pancakes, with its pancake queen and a bevy of assistants dressed in white making flap-jacks and flinging them all hot and hot to the crowd. There was the car of the artist's palette—a huge palette, each colour being formed by a young woman. Men in the crowd used to dress up as strange animals, and large wine bottles walked the streets with unseen legs.

The carnival has changed of late years. The masquerades have not the same brilliancy and fun. The golden age of the carnival was in the reign of

Louis Philippe. Then the people spent the whole night of Mardi Gras in the cafés and cabarets, singing and dancing and drinking. The grotesque procession of the *bœuf gras* took two or three whole hours in passing—one long stream of men and women in masks, some on foot and some in carriages. What disputes, what jokes, what songs, proceeded from this throng—*pierettes*, *vivandières*, *marquises*, *laitières*, *harlequins*! How the children loved the carnival! For what hours they waited on the pavements, longing for the first sight of the gilded horns of the *bœuf gras*! Slowly the carnival has declined. Once a pageant of the day, it became a frolic of the night. At one time there were balls all over Paris. What a sight it must have been—these thousands of costumes showing all the varied hues of the rainbow and the butterfly's wing—all flickering in the light of the coloured lanterns!

Dancing is not so general now in Paris as it used to be. At one time it was in vigorous vogue at the fairs and on every gala day; but the Parisians seem to have lost their skill and delight in this amusement. The only day on which all Paris dances is the 14th of July, when there is a national fête. Bandstands are erected in the

open spaces ; a ring is kept clear for the dancers ; paper lanterns are hung among the trees, beautiful paper lanterns glowing in the purple night—blue, red, white, yellow, and orange ;—fairy lights are arranged on the windows of the adjacent houses ; tables and chairs are placed for those who do not dance. Hither the tradespeople come, the milliner girls, the girls from the *blanchisserie*, the boys from the *épicerie*, baker boys, butcher boys, grocer boys ; bareheaded, all dance gaily in the dust. There are no grand ball-dresses here, no white kid gloves. There is much dust ; but no one minds. Dust covers coats and boots and dresses, blinds you, and chokes your utterance ; but that is of no consequence. Everyone joins in the dance ; even old ladies and gentlemen pair off and cut a caper. The musicians do not keep in time or even in tune. The fiddle, the trombone, the cornet, the flute—each is independent of the others ; but that does not matter. A crowd gathers round the dancers ; now and then a fresh couple pass through to join the whirling throng. At the end of every dance the merry-makers go off arm and arm in the approved ballroom fashion, and lean against the trees, or sit on a neighbouring bench, drinking sirop or bock. Everyone is gay and happy and joyous ; the same

airs are played over and over again—the same old valse, polka, mazurka, is scraped out time after time—still the people dance, the circle becomes wider and wider, until the whole neighbourhood seems to be gyrating in one giddy whirl. In every open space and at almost every street-corner balls are in progress, large and small, brilliant and insignificant, according to the richness or the poverty of the quarter; and, whether it be a handsome affair or a humble, everywhere you hear the same airs, you see the same joy, everywhere bocks are drunk and sirops, and the fun is kept up until two in the morning. One loses all individuality in so large a multitude of people: no matter who you may be, you feel but a protoplasmic atom. The great dance of the evening is the galop. Judging by the noise which is made, one might imagine a troop of cavalry advancing: it is an irresistible charge, and makes one feel that a crowd of people can be—almost as formidable in their joy as in their anger.

The Parisians still keep up the procession of the *blanchiseuses*. The regiment of washerwomen in Paris is very great, and this procession is magnificent. Each wash-house selects a queen; the queens, in their turn, choose a girl who is to be the *Reine des Reines*—the queen of all—generally

the youngest and prettiest among them. She is placed on the most gorgeous car, and surrounded by a court very elegantly and lavishly dressed. Each laundry sends its chariot, with its queen and her court. Great is the rivalry in the ornamentation of the cars and the originality of the costumes. The Municipal Council sends a prize to the Queen of the *Blanchiseuses* and the most successfully decorated chariot. Thus the festival is encouraged, and every year the procession becomes more gorgeous. During the passing of the *cortège*, a battle of confetti is waged among the passers-by; and this multicoloured rain falling everywhere—from balconies, from the hands of wayfarers, from the carriages, and from the brilliant corps of *blanchiseuses*—makes a charming picture.

French holidays are nearly always connected with the Church. They are, in the true sense of the word, “holy days”—that is to say, all the great national holidays, such as Ascension, Assumption, and All Saints’ Day. All Saints’ Day falls on November 1. This is a sad time. It comes just before All Souls’ Day, when everyone flocks to the cemeteries, to lay a floral offering on the graves of the dear departed. It is a beautiful idea—this universal remembrance of the dead.

The French never neglect their graves; and it is pretty, on the *Jour des Morts*, some bleak November day, to see all Paris buying flowers from the white-capped flower-women, great bunches of red and golden hued chrysanthemums—all Paris, rich and poor, young and old, dressed in black, laden with flowers, going to place tributes on the hallowed tombs. It is touching to see the profound respect with which the Parisians greet a hearse. It may be in the summer time, when the sun is shining, flowers are blooming, and spirits run high. Suddenly a slow-paced procession, a sad-coloured little *cortège* in the midst of so much gaiety, passes; it is, perhaps, the coffin of a child, smothered in flowers, being followed by sad-faced relations; possibly it is a poor meagre funeral with only one forlorn carriage. Every hat is taken off: it is as if a magic impulse had passed over Paris, leaving every head bare. It does not matter if it be a busy man who has to catch a train, or a beggar, or a rich man in his carriage, or a 'bus conductor, or a *chauffeur* passing by at the rate of thirty miles an hour, or a child in brown holland, walking with his *nourrice*: every hat comes off: soldiers salute: many a woman stops to cross herself, and to murmur, "God have mercy on thy

soul." On Ascension Day or Assumption, the florists reap a goodly harvest. This is in May or in August, and every girl whose name is "Marie" has flowers presented to her by all her friends. As nearly every French girl has "Marie" for one of her names, the expenditure on Assumption Day is great.

New Year's Day is the greatest holiday of all. It is the one which is looked forward to with the most delightful feelings. On that day all the members of a family, even to the most distant cousins, are gathered at the same board, and the pipe of peace is smoked over every trouble that may have divided them. 'New Year's Day to the Parisian is what Christmas is to us and Thanksgiving to the Americans. On New Year's Day in Paris everyone who has served you in any way, large or small, expects a present; therefore, your callers are many. It is a delightful custom, but becomes irksome after a while, especially if you are a stranger. For example, there is the *concièrge*. She is invariably the first caller. As a rule she leaves you and your rooms severely alone; but on that day she cleans your brass until it shines again, and wishes you *bonne année* at every rub. She expects a handsome present. Then comes the

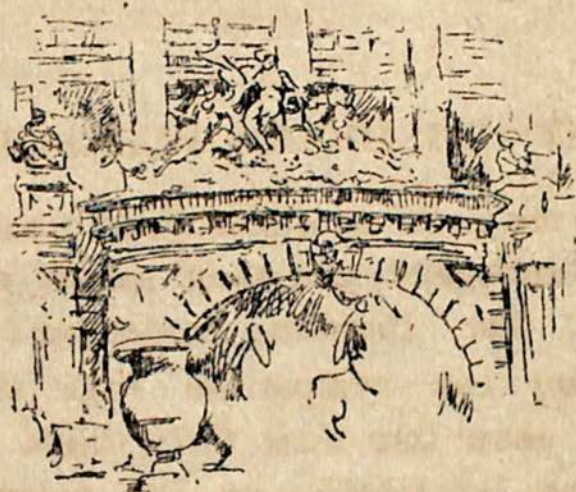
little *blanchiseuse*, who has timed the delivery of your linen to this day; then the butcher's boy, the postman, the telegraph boy, the baker's boy, the *marchand de charbon's* boy, the lamplighter, and many another. Besides, on New Year's Day, a gentleman must send a bouquet or a box of chocolates to the lady of every house he has visited. The shops at this season on the boulevards, with their masses of costly and tempting New Year's gifts—dolls which cost a small fortune, exquisite bouquets at ruinous prices, elaborate boxes of sweets, almost costing their weight in gold,—are a wonderful spectacle. It is not only the rich who keep up this time-honoured custom. The poor also cherish it. Every street is fringed with booths, at which the cheapest gifts are to be procured. At this season the poor are especially remembered. Everyone subscribes to a fund for their relief.

Christmas is nowadays celebrated in Paris to a much greater extent than formerly. At one time it was passed by almost unnoticed, except for the midnight mass and spectacular effects in the churches; but, now that it is the fashion to copy the English, Christmas trees and Christmas gifts are becoming general.



XI

THE CHILDREN'S PLEASURES



M. R.

The Trocadero.



THE CHILDREN'S PLEASURES

CHILDREN are never at a loss about what to do in Paris. Amusements for their special benefit are arranged. The Parisians understand children well. They can sympathize with their little pleasures, enter into their little griefs. There is much that is childlike in the nature of the Parisians: they are never really old in heart or in mind. Small things amuse them. A monkey, a performing parrot, a balloon, will attract their attention and hold it for hours. Then, Parisians and French people in general adore children; they give up their lives to them; nothing is too good, too precious, for what they tenderly call their "*gosses*." Children are the joy of their hearts. Watch the grown-up people—not only the mothers and fathers,

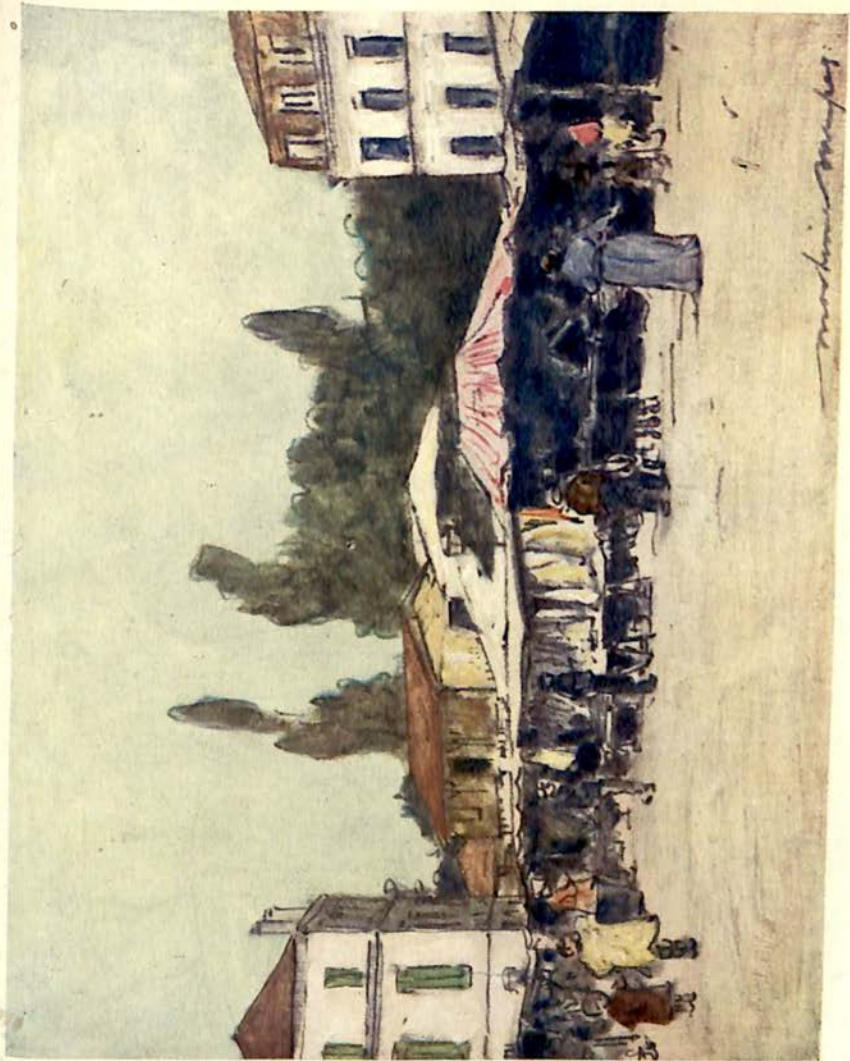
but also the bachelors, the old maids, and the childless—in the various parks where children congregate—in the gardens of the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées ;—watch them sitting under the trees, gazing at the children as they play. If a hoop runs into a new pair of trousers and soils them, the wearer does not mind ; should a ball in passing knock off his straw hat, what matter ? The proud fathers—how tenderly they strap their little ones on to the wooden horses ; how fearfully they leave them ! That little atom in blue seated on the back of a great giraffe—that small girl in the heavy mourning hat and pig-tail sitting majestically in a boat—how anxiously they are watched ! It is amusing to observe the parents as the roundabout swings by and their child comes into view—how they will try not to look anxious ; how lovingly they will beam at the superb young person sailing by !

The garden of the Luxembourg on a summer's afternoon reminds me irresistibly of Victor Hugo :

“ Dansez, les petites filles, toutes en rond ;
Vous êtes si gentilles que les bois viront,
Dansez, mes toutes belles, toutes en rond,
Les oiseaux avec leurs ailes applaudiront.”

At a certain hour of the day the gardens are

MARCHÉ DE NEUILLY.



St. James's Park

crowded with children. What joy reigns! Underneath the trees on the sunflecked gravel the children play—pretty children and plain; well-dressed and shabby; children with hats and dresses one mass of silk and dainty lace frills; golden bangles on their plump wrists, golden chains encircling their throats; quaint little sprigs of children in plain pink prints and dusty serviceable boots; children with tattered dresses and bare heads.

How busy they are; how self-important! Look at that mite in the brown pinafore: the plump body is far too heavy for the little legs, the white socks of which have crinkled and rolled down on the tiny strap shoes. He totters and stumbles along, with his little tin pail, backwards and forwards to the sand heap,—for has he not important work on hand? Your heart is in your mouth, and you tremble for his safety every five seconds. On the green grass under the trees is a very domineering little lady dressed in deep mourning. There are with her two younger children, over whom she has complete control; also two dolls in a perambulator, which are carefully taken out and placed on the grass, beside the other children. This is a picnic. Later a little bottle of milk and

two or three biscuits, damp and crumbling, are produced from the corner of a packet. It is a delicious feast, far better than any meal to be had at home. Each has a nibble at the biscuits, and each drinks a little of the milk. Sweet and fresh and fair these children are on a summer afternoon, playing under the chestnut trees, against the background of marguerites and dahlias and geraniums.

There is all the difference in the world between the children of the Luxembourg and the children of the Tuileries. The children of the Luxembourg are much younger, mere infants. Mostly in the arms of their nurses, they are soft, pink-faced little people, gazing, with round, vague, blue eyes, on the world at large ; or else, no older than four or five years, they are just able to toddle. At the Tuileries the children are more important, more worldly : they turn up their noses at the prattling Luxembourg babies. They know how to skip properly, how to manipulate tops, so that they really spin, how to bowl hoops successfully ; you rarely see a child at the Tuileries standing in the middle of a hoop, stamping her feet, and beating the air with her stick, as she declares that it is a nasty ugly hoop because it won't be bowled : such

behaviour is far too childish for the Tuileries baby. Then, the *guignol* there—or, rather, the marionette performance—is much superior to the Luxembourg *guignol*, which is no better than a Punch and Judy performance, suitable for people who can use their eyes but not their ears. If the play is feeble the Luxembourg children do not know it—anything pleases them;—but the Tuileries children have nearly all been to real theatres—to circuses, and pantomimes. They must have *guignol* plays with several acts, real dramas and comedies; the theatre must be freshly decorated now and then, and the figures must be newly dressed. The chief marionette would not dream of shaking hands with the children when the performance was over, as the one does at the unfashionable Luxembourg: the audience would not consider that amusing at all—they would think it hypocritical and stupid. After a week is over a new play must be produced for them: they become tired of the old one. The Tuileries children are superior!

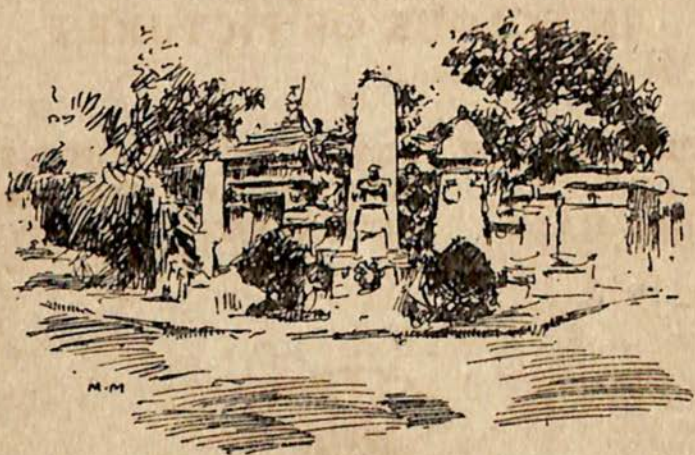
The Champs Elysées is considered to be moderately select. This is the great place for children's toys. All down that great avenue, at intervals you see the toy-stalls, shaded by striped

red-and-white umbrellas, and guarded by women with wrinkled brown faces, generally very old. They sit outside enticing the children as they pass, watching, tempting. There are toys of all kinds; also gingerbreads with almonds, sweets wrapped in silver paper, and cylindrically-shaped packets. Then, there are pendant joys without number,—skipping ropes with coloured handles, hundreds of coloured balls in net bags, spades, whips, hoops, paper windmills on sticks. The shops are a paradise to the Parisian children. They are accessible to all. Toys can be procured for a penny and a halfpenny, and tiny packets of sweets for a farthing. An adventurous child strays away from his nurse and waddles towards a toy-stall. A straw hat is tilted at the back of his head; he wears a little striped tunic and a leather belt; he is uncertain what he wants. He sucks his thumb, and loiters, wavering between a ball and a windmill. The shop woman settles it for him. “*Veux tu un petit moulin? Dis donc, Monsieur, demande à Grand Mère,*” It is nothing but a round of coloured paper—this windmill fastened to a stick;—but it turns, and to the baby mind it is fascinating—that is, for an hour or less, before the paper becomes torn and the

windmill refuses to go. There are women who push *charettes* about the streets full of windmills exclusively. At one time they used to cry—

“Achetez mes moulins, les grands
Je les ai faits pour que les mamans
Amusent leurs petits enfants.”

Now the cry is obsolete.



Père la Chaise.

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SIZES

<u>Outside Measurements</u>	Nos. 1-7.	No. 8.	No. 9, oval.	No. 10, circul.
	INCHES.	INCHES.	INCHES.	INCHES.
OF GOLD MOUNT . . .	24 × 19	24 × 19	24 × 19	24 × 19
OF FRAMED PICTURE . . .	24½ × 21½	25½ × 21½	27 × 24	25½ (diam.)
<u>Inside Measurements</u>				
OF FRAMED PICTURE . . .	15½ × 12½	17 × 12½	17½ × 14½	16 (diam.)

PRICES

ON BRONZE MOUNT.	EACH 12/6 NET
IN DUCAT GOLD FRAME	EACH 31/6 NET
THE FRAME ONLY	EACH 20/- NET

PUBLISHED BY ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, 4 SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

[FOR PRESS OPINIONS—P. T. O.]

PRESS OPINIONS

OF THE MENPES SERIES OF GREAT MASTERS

"A series of reproductions in colour that stand unrivalled for sheer excellence. The most subtle gradations of tone and colour, the texture of canvas and paint, the luminous transparency of the half-shadows, the sonorous depth of the deep shadows, the crisp accents of the high lights—everything is rendered with astounding accuracy."

P. G. KONODY, in *The Observer*, 9th December 1906.

"Mr Menpes has done much to bridge successfully the gap between original and reproduction, and the work here displayed shows the astonishing results which can be produced under the supervision of a skilled artist by a process which is in its essence a mechanical one. Perhaps no colour reproduction has ever so faithfully rendered the luminous softness and mellowed tones of old paintings, or given with such a degree of illusion the very brush marks, the cracks, and skin of paint and texture of the canvas."

WILFRID MEYNELL, in *The Queen*, 22nd December 1906.

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Pall Mall Gazette, 10th December 1906.

"Each plate, besides being faultless in the rendering of the most subtle colour passages, shows the artist's actual brushwork, the impasto of the paint, the grain of the canvas. . . . Each print is framed in gilt imitations of richly carved wood frames that are as perfect in the imitation of the real thing as the reproductions are in the rendering of the paintings. Mr Menpes's colour prints are unquestionably and immeasurably superior to anything that has hitherto been produced by the printing press."

The World, 11th December 1906.



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